National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

From The (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Daily Freeman.

Opposition to Slavery as a test of Democracy.—If Democracy be a word signifying the opposite of Oligarcy—if to believe the superiority of that form of government which entrusts power with the people, or many, instead of the select, or few, is to be a Democrat, then we have no hesitation in saying distinctly that a man who opposes that form in which the "many" govern, and is in favour of that by which the few govern, is *not* a Democrat within the true meaning of the term. We have no doubt that certain measures approved of by the Democrats may also be approved of by those who are not. But still that does not make such of one political faith. We do not believe at all in the Democracy of South Carolina, although her statesmen often uphold the true democratic doctrines on certain points. Her Constitution is essentially that of the governmeut of the few over the many, leaving out the coloured population.

What then is Democracy? It is faith in the power of MAN for self-government, carried into practice. I emphasize *man*. I include the whole human family. Restraints it may be necessary temporarily to impose on certain parts of the race until improved by education or circumstances. But I speak of the principle. It ought to be the earnest wish and desire, and is, of every true Democrat, that as soon as the requisite circumstances conspire to render such a course safe, the *whole human family* should be self-governed. This does not involve any rabid notions of equality applied to those to whom its privileges, carried out, would be a curse instead of a blessing—but simply it is declaratory of the belief.

Now how can a man be a really true Democrat who will not resist by any lawful means the extension of a system which strikes at the very root of his faith? Slavery is diametrically opposed to it; and Northern Democrats should rejoice that we do not live in that state of society, which is in direct opposition to the whole idea on which our government is founded, (that is freedom and equality,) and which renders the words and the lips of the citizens of one half of the States of this confederation a continued living lie.

Sentiments of what we owe to the agreement made with the Southern States, keep many silent on the subject of Slavery when confined to them. We therefore have no right to intefere, further than by reasonable appeals to themselves. This bargain or agreement is the only thing in the way of its being our duty thus to intefere: those do a great injustice to a large majority of the people of the Northern States who class the few that would forcibly interfere in the domestic relations of the South with the many who do not like them indeed, but whose sense of obligations due to the faithful performance of a compact, prevents any such interference on their part.

Such a state of society as there exists—i. e. of masters and slaves, where a small portion of mankind buy, sell, and govern, without any laws but those of might, a much larger portion of mankind—is adverse to the true rule of Democracy. For that, as we said before, carries on its face, the idea of the *majority* governing. Can any one who does not oppose by every lawful and constitutional means a system the reverse of Democratic, be rightfully entitled to the appellation of Democrat? By what right does such an one claim it? By no other than the right of the hypocrite, who brings into disgrace true religion, joining in its forms and worship the better to deceive the unwary and sincere. Avaunt, then! ye hypocritical double faced ones, who profess Democracy lustily in your mouths, and sympathize loudly with suffering Frenchmen, Irishmen, Poles, Hungarians and all mankind, *at a distance*, but when it becomes a question whether Liberty or Slavery shall be the fundamental law over a territory larger than the original United States, and it is left for you to decide, doubt and hesitate, and fear to offend, and cow down before the lash of the slave drivers of the South, with whose pecuniary interests freedom conflicts! From such Democrats and such Democracy we pray in the words of the Litany, "Good Lord deliver us."

From the Portland Transcript.

Progress of Reforms.—True reform is not volcanic in its operations. It does not startle a sleeping world by the sudden belching forth of fiery torrents of innovation, or the up-heaving of all foundations. It is rather like the little rivulet which steals forth from its source amid the hidden recesses of far-away mountains, and glides along, noiselessly at first, but as its course becomes obstructed, it works in its bed, gathers strength from all its tributaries, and rushes fearlessly on, until it forms a part of the great sea of life. And as the sources of many streams are often forgotten or unknown, so the origin and originators of most reforms are slighted and traduced by the world.

Illustrations of the truth of this proposition, are numerous in the world's history, but there is one now existing in our own land, which, to our mind, is very striking.

Just now the world is all agog at the enormity of Slavery. The murmur of indignant voices rises all over the land, and strong arms and stout hearts are valiantly at work to destroy the monster, or at least to stay his farther progress. A great reform is in operation The dead sea of Slavery rumbles and roars and dashes its dark waves heavily under the strong gale of popular indignation. The purifying process has fully begun. To one who wishes to investigate the secret springs of human action, it is an interesting question, whence cometh this commotion? Where and when did the work begin? Who first aroused the sleeping sense of justice of the nation, and directed the sympathies of the popular heart to the sufferings of the blacks?

Doubtless since the earliest times, and in nearly all hearts there has lurked a sense of the wrong inflicted, but it took not bodily form and cried not boldly out for justice until some eighteen or twenty years since. Then was heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and saying, Repent ye, Repent! Then Garrison girded up his loins and went forth to battle with a nation, a nation proud of its institutions, and righteous in its own esteem. That he was opposed denounced, imprisoned, mobbed, and nearly murdered, the world knows; and the world knows, too, how impotent were those acts. The truth had been spoken—God's truth—and, as the truth ever will, it found its way to the hearts of the people. In vain did "gentlemen of property and standing" swear and fight, in vain did dignitaries threaten, in vain did politicians spout sham patriotism, and tremble for the safety of the "dear people," and in vain did religionists and priests lift up their hands in holy horror and call down curses on the heads of those who would disturb the "established order of society." Slowly, but surely, the divine leaven worked in the hearts of the people, and now behold the change!

Slavery is a dangerous evil, cries the united voice of millions, and in that cry how many once discordant voices blend! He who once assisted in placing a halter around the neck of an innocent man, is now shocked at the barbarities of the slave system!—They who but yesterday said that all Abolitionists should be imprisoned, are now thrusting into jail the agents of the slaveholders!, Loud-mouthed politicians now shout themselves hoarse to prove their devotion to human freedom, as once they shouted in the defence of Slavery! And pious priests drawl doletully over the iniquities of our "Southern brethren," and pray for the liberation of the bondman, as erst they prayed for the destruction of his best friend! And do not all join in doing justice to the man who opened their eyes to this wickedness? Alas, for the perversity of human nature, no! The divine truth which he and his followers promulgated has forced itself upon their acceptance, but the promulgators they reject. And why? Because, as the Spanish proverb has it, the man who has done you an injury will never forgive you. Shall they acknowledge themselves in error to those they once reviled as totally in the wrong? Pride and prejudice forbid it. And now comes the most ludicrous part of their performance. Not only do they reject the early Abolitionists, but they become suddenly alarmed on account of the injury they are doing to the good cause! Pious, benevolent souls, how it grieves them to think of the good which might be done for the slave, were it not for these "hot headed fanatics." They, good, honest, consistent, conscientious men, are expending all their sympathy for the slave in words, while those disturbers of the peace will persist in calling for action! How provoking that the true friends of the slave, should be thwarted in their good intentions by the rash measure of those deluded men. Now if all this is not the utmost height of the ridiculous, it is assuredly the lowest depth of the contemptible. Why, is it not as plain as the light of heaven, that all these mournful philanthropists are bankrupt, utterly bankrupt, and are trading on borrowed capital? Who aroused the public mind to a sense of the enormity of Slavery? The early Abolitionists. Who gathered together the facts and statistics which now form the stock in trade of the politician? The early Abolitionists. Who created that public opinion which the demagogue labours to propitiate, and before which the priest bows? The early Abolitionists. And what power now holds the mass of the people, up to a certain point in the Anti-Slavery faith? The influence of the early Abolitionists. And yet "gentlemen of leisure" make speeches occasionally, and call themselves the only true friends of the slave! While the hard working, persecuted pioneers of the cause are his greatest enemies! True, the pioneers have gone a long way in advance of the multitude, and have struck into strange paths, but we must remember it was their task to drag behind them a people with a very swinish propensity to hold back, and hence they had to advance a long way, in order to get the mass to move at all. They have gone far into the future, and the future will do them justice.

From the New York Pathfinder.

Ill-timed Witticism.—The barbarous language and ludicrous blunders peculiar to our coloured population arise from the ignorance and various other disabilities to which they are held subject through the withering influences of unjust prejudice and legislation, and are adapted rather to awaken sympathy than excite mirth in every truly benevolent mind. Among the causes that serve to foster wrong public sentiment, and perpetuate the abject condition of this unfortunate and outraged class of our fellow-citizens, is, the needlessly ridiculous attitudes which they are frequently made to assume, with the design of making sport for the thoughtless and unfeeling, at the expense of the poor crushed victims of popular contempt. We had an instance recently in the New York *Sun*, of this kind of moral obliquity. A request of the coloured editor of a paper published in this city is thus expressed: "*De spected editer* of the *Ram's Horn* desires us to gib notice to his subscribers dat de paper will be sumspended for a few weeks, while de editor is making a tower in de country." We admit that the title of the paper thus held up to public ridicule sounds rather harsh in the ears of modern refinement; it is, nevertheless, expressive of the design and answers the end of its adoption; and its editorials, it must be confessed, are occasionally at fault as regards grammar and rhetoric, and of course are not, and it cannot be expected that, with the disparity of advantages between the respective editors, they should be as erudite and finished as those which grace the columns and enlighten the readers of the *Sun*. Yet we have been agreeably surprised and much gratified with the creditable measure of success that has attended the efforts of the *Ram's Horn*, considering the discouraging circumstances, in the form of every variety of obstacles, that lie in the way of the coloured man in his laudable struggles to gain possesion of the civil rights, and reach the place in the scale of moral and intellectual attainment and worth, to which every man, of whatever nation or complexion, is entitled and may justly aspire, especially in a Government such as ours, beneath whose flag—were the principles of its declaration fully carried out as they should be—Slavery, with the invidious distinctions it engenders, would be unknown. Why not, then, in the instance before us, extend the usual courtesy of the press, and give a correctly expressed notice, even though the sable editor's request may have been couched in somewhat uncouth terms, seeing, as appears on the face of the notice, that it was left optional with the *Sun* so to do? Is the coloured man ever to be treated with obloquy, and his exertions to rise, though awkward they may be, to be perpetually met with discouragement by those whom mere adventitious circumstances have placed in a more favoured position? Or is it in reality the hue of the skin that makes the difference: and are the existence and constitution of mind dependent upon any peculiarity of feature or complexion; and do they in the nature of things fix and modify human destiny? The *North Star* may shed a ray of light on the subject which we hope will not be overlooked or lost amid the higher splendours of the *Sun*, but seen, as it is, direct and clear, and worthy of reflection. The editor, Frederick Douglass, is a man of acknowledged ability, though one of the proscribed race. There are several other journals in the land under like auspices, that do credit to their respective conductors; and the little *Ram's Horn*, though struggling in its day of small things, and even temporarily suspended through want of the encouragement it should receive, may yet raise a blast that shall do good service, under favouring heaven, in prostrating the walls of prejudice and oppression. To all this it is easy for the *Sun* to reply that the notice in question was simply designed, in the form in which it appeared, as a mere harmless pleasantry, over which we, in his opinion, have made "much ado about nothing." Such pleasantries, however, although they may serve for merriment, and trifling, and unworthy of serious recrimination as they may seem, are, nevertheless, the pointed little weapons that pierce with deadly effect the embryo life of the black man's hopes, and come with an ill grace from the *Sun*, which, professedly, "shines for all."

From the (Lebanon, O.) Western Star.

Criminal Calender.—Our Prosecuting Attorney is likely to have his hands filled with criminal business at the next term. Mrs. Gordon was committed to jail for the murder of her husband on Friday last, and there are, besides, four persons in jail charged with penitentiary offences. There will also be any quantity of indictments for selling whisky without license.

A riot occurred at Morrow, on Saturday evening, which will probably give some trouble to the parties engaged in it. A theft was committed by a coloured man named Henry Wadkins—a convict formerly in the Penitentiary—who was immediately arrested and committed to jail. This aroused the indignation of sundry persons in the village, who met on Friday and resolved that every negro should leave the place in one week thereafter. Notice was accordingly given and on Saturday, as we understand, all had left with the exception of two, Charles Casey and his wife, who had been assured that they would be suffered to remain. The ardour of the mob—for such we must characterize every body of men who set the laws of the country at defiance and meditate and commit violence on the persons and property of others—was quickened by their wrath, and on Saturday night they changed the time of the exodus of the Casey" family and demanded that they should gird up their loins, put on their sandals and march forthwith. Casey refused to obey. At ten o'clock, they approached the dwelling of the latter, and commenced an assault with stones and clubs. Casey took a position at the door, armed with an axe, and his wife guarded the window, club in hand. Soon the window was smashed in and a breach made through the panel of the door by the missiles of the assailants. An entry was then attempted by one of the mob, but the moment his head protruded through the door, Casey tapped him with the back of the axe, and he fell senseless to the ground. Instantly another mob-head was poked in and met a similar blizzard. These repeated and effectual rebuffs brought the mob to a parley. Terms of accommodation were proposed, which resulted in giving Casey and his wife five minutes start to make their escape. They "closed in with the overtures of mercy," thus graciously offered! The watch was held up. At a single bound, Casey and his wife leaped out of the house, followed by a shower of stones. Fear gave suppleness to their limbs, and away they went up the road like deer pursued by a pack of wolves. As soon as the time was out, the mob started in pursuit, vengeful and eager for the prey. But, fortunately, they were led on a false trail. Instead of continuing on the Hopkinsville road, as it was supposed they would, the blacks left the road, waded the Miami, and found a sure refuge in the cornfields. The fight lasted some three hours, during which Casey and wife defended themselves with a bravery and nerve worthy the highest commendation. Their only sin, so far as we can learn, was that God had given them a black skin! They were Africans!! What an offence to justify a riot and expulsion from the town! We are told that every article of furniture in the house was destroyed, and sixteen dollars in money stolen! The matter will, of course, undergo a legal investigation, and, we therefore forbear any further comments.

The following article from the *Courier & Enquirer* contains a good deal of valuable information, and of a character which we are surprised to find in the columns of that paper even as a communication:

THE WEST INDIES.

Authentic intelligence respecting the present state of the British and French Colonies, and especially information relating to the workings of emancipation, must be generally interesting to the people of this country. Having recently received a file of Jamaica newspapers up to the present mouth, we have gleaned from them much valuable matter which we take pleasure in laying before our readers.

On the 12th May, 1849, a meeting of inhabitants of all parts of the Island of Jamaica was held at Spanish-Town, for the purpose of considering the effect produced by the non-observance of the treaties for the suppression of the Slave Trade, by which Spain and Brazil are bound. It was the largest meeting ever witnessed on the Island. The Lord Bishop presided. In opening the proceedings, he said:—

"It must, I think, be readily admitted, that the great and predominant evil under which Jamaica, in common with the other West India Islands, is at present suffering arises from the projected admission of the produce of slave labour into the markets of Great Britain and her dependencies, without the discriminating and protective duty which had heretofore been allowed to operate in favour of the free-born or free-made cultivator of the soil."

Disclaiming all intention of interfering with the settled policy of the Home Government with regard to the free trade system, the Chairman remarked:—

"But our plain and single object is to press upon our rulers by all the constitutional means within our reach by petition heaped upon petition—by proclamation, loud and continuous, of what we know to be the truth—by such adjuncts as we can procure within and without the walls of Parliament—the justice and the necessity of compelling the States of Spain and Brazil to a fair and full compliance with the treaties by which they are solemnly bound to her Britannic Majesty; treaties which had, and have, for their express object, the extinction of the heaviest curse that ever fell upon mankind—the suppression of the inhuman traffic in slaves with all its hideous and murderous incidents, and the gradual abolition of Slavery throughout every portion of the civilized world."

The Vice Chancellor said the British nation had a remedy in its own hands for the removal of the evil under which the island was suffering.

The remedy which he would point out was that which was sanctioned by the law which governed foreign nations, namely, when it is found that a nation will not do that which it is pledged to another nation to do, then it shall be done for them. That was the footing upon which Spain and Brazil, two countries which now carry on the detestable traffic in slaves, should stand in relation to Great Britain. If he pointed out to them, as he would, that these countries had entered into solemn treaties to abolish that traffic, they would then have nothing to do but to call upon the Mother Country, and our rulers at home to compel the observance of those treaties.

It was stated as the belief of Mr. Geddes, who is known and respected at Havana, that one-half of the persons held at this moment in Slavery in Cuba, are held in that state in violation of the existing treaties between England and Spain. "I say so," said this gentlemen, "seeing the ages of those people, knowing how soon the slaves are worked out and killed in that country, for there is no reproduction there."

The Mayor of Kingston asserted that the system under which Slave-grown sugar is admitted into the British markets has ruined the agricultural interests of the island.

The Rev. S. Oughton said, that after giving the subject his most anxious consideration, he was fully persuaded that it is only in the enforcement of the treaties that any hope can exist that these Colonies will continue to be sugar exporting or even sugar manufacturing countries; for, so long as Slavery exists, it will be in vain for the British West India Colonies to expect that they can compete with the sugar producers of Cuba and Brazil." "Why," said the speaker, "does not England insist upon the faithful performance of these treaties?" A single word from the British throne would awe the Spaniards into obedience, and accomplish the object; one lightning glance of England would cause the fetters to fall from the limbs of the slaves in Cuba, and we should see them as free there as we are in Jamaica."

The Baron Von Kettelholdt addressed the meeting. "When we see," said he, "what other nations are doing in their Colonies, and how far the desire for freedom has progressed,—when we see what France, Denmark, Sweden, and Mexico have done towards this great object, I regret very much that General Santa Anna, who should have proposed this resolution, is not present,—for he, who abolished Slavery in his own country during his Presidency, would, I am sure, have had great pleasure in adding the weight of his opinion and influence to your exertions; but a domestic calamity has prevented his attending here to-day. Though this is a Jamaica question," said the speaker, "it is also a great European question, and we are justified in calling upon the great European nations to concur in our efforts for the noble purpose of abolishing Slavery. It is, the sin of Europe—it is the great blot upon the European escutcheon, and I trust that as reform is going on, the nineteenth century will wipe away this remaining stain upon civilized nations."

Mr. Farquharson said that if the treaties had been observed, and the municipal laws for carrying them into effect, Slavery would have long since ceased; and if those laws and treaties were now strictly enforced, he ventured to say that in six months there would be an end to the Slave Trade. The Rev. Dr. S. H. Stewart remarked that the island was suffering on account of the non-observance of the treaties.

"Estate after estate has been thrown out of cultivation, and want and misery stare every man in the face, from the man who owns the estate to the humblest labourer upon it, all are suffering, and the only cheering reflection is, that this has arisen out of the abolition of Slavery, an act which God approves, and in which all religious men must rejoice. *But, my Lord, it is not necessarily so, for if justice were done to the British Colonies, if Great Britain did justice to herself, prosperity would again dawn.*"

The speaker then drew a vivid picture of the distressed condition of the country, and said that unless some change speedily took place the labourers would soon retrograde into a state of barbarism, "and thus would freedom, which is itself a blessing, be, by the unjust policy of the Mother Country, rendered a curse." He concluded by declaring his firm conviction of the success of the measures now commenced, and by imploring the Divine blessing on their undertaking.

Mr. George W. Gordon expressed his surprire that none of the speakers had urged the measures on the ground of humanity, but that all their arguments were confined to the effect that Slavery had upon our own interests; he declared that though deeply involved, and connected as he was with sugar estates, that would not be the inducing cause for him to advocate this measure, but he did so on the principles of humanity.

W. W. Anderson, Esq. proposed that the friends of humanity in England and America, be invited to co-operate with the meeting in attaining the object it has in view. He said the existing distress was the *consequence of those great measures of emancipation and philanthropy to which many good men had devoted their lives, not having been fully carried out, and faithfully supported.* The neglect of carrying out the principles of emancipation had, he said, entailed ruin on many. He said it was a mistake that led a London paper to assert that the West India Colonies seek a protective duty of ten shillings per ton over sugars produced in all other countries in the world. "The West India Colonies do not claim protection against the sugar of all other countries in the world. What we demand is protection against Slave-grown sugar."

Major Yeoland believed that the proceedings of the meeting would produce the happiest results not only to Jamaica, but to all the other islands. "I sincerely hope," said he, "that your beautiful estates will be resumed, that your houses will be again built up, and that you will speedily be freed from the ruinous competition with the slaveholders which now depresses your interests."

The following, among other resolutions, were agreed to:

1. "That so long as the sugar planters of Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, in defiance of the laws of their respective countries and of the treaties by which the Spanish and Brazilian Governments stand bound to her Majesty, are permitted to reinforce, by fresh drains from Slavery, the means of increasing their profits, it is hopeless in countries so thinly populated as Jamaica, Guiana, and Trinidad, for the proprietors of the soil to persevere in its cultivation."

2 "That in the opinion of this Meeting the plan which was embodied by her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the draft of a convention with Spain, and transmitted to her Majesty's Minister at Madrid on the 25th of May, 1840, as appears from the papers on Slave Trade, presented in that year to Parliament by her Majesty's command is practical and feasible, and it now urged on the Spanish and Brazilian Governments with suitable energy, would prove beneficial and effective, in enabling the emancipated Colonies of Great Britain to meet and overcome the competition in the home markets and other countries in Europe, on the equal terms to which they are about to be exposed by the Sugar Duties Act of 1846."

The quantity of sugar and rum exported from British Guiana in 1848 exceeds the quantity exported in any previous year since 1839, (that year included) 1847 excepted, when the export of sugar was in excess about 600 hogsheads.—*The Morning Journal Jamaica, May 29th, 1848.*

The *Barbadian* newspaper says, "it is rather a remarkable circumstance that at the very period of the expiring of our exports and import duties we should be inundated with cargoes of American produce, while at the same time a considerable proportion of sugar, &c., is weekly exported."

The *West Indian* says:

"Some days in this month (April) have been very favourable for the making of sugar—some very unfavourable Notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which the planters have been labouring as regards the want of wind, several estates have finished their crop, making fully as much, and in some instances more, than was expected. We have heard of several estates surpassing anything before made. We hope to be able to particularize in our next. The young canes are looking remarkably well. Our lands are in excellent condition.

The informant of the *Mercury* says, under the head of St. Michael, "that the canes are uncommonly good for sugar manufacture, being full, ripe and hard in a few instances, the land has yielded four hogsheads to the acre. Very large crops will be made; but I am fearing the unfavourable weather. The late rains have retarded sugar making to a serious extent."

The roads and the labourers are complained of in some districts. The rains had rendered the former so heavy that the carts were unable to work

In *St. Philip* it is said the crop would have been more forward if the labourers had worked regularly in cutting the canes, but they shew a great disposition to keep the crops back. They have not demanded higher wages, but they are very idle! they are to be seen prowling about the roads in the middle of the day.

In the Middle District we are told "labour continues exceedingly scarce, as the labourers embrace the repeated opportunities of wet days to cultivate and plant their own lands, and owing to the rain we have had, the work of the estates would rather employ an increased than a diminished number."

In St. Thomas the statement is, "it is wet enough to plant; but labour is in request"

The young crop is said to be very green and luxuriant and growing very fast. It is the opinion of the planters generally, that they are growing too fast and are too forward for the time of the year.

On the subject of the labourers we have the following, which is worthy the consideration of all parties in this island:—

"It is now a settled fact in the minds of the agricultural body, that a steady working peasantry must be a moral and religious peasantry. The more the morals of the labourers are improved, the more will they recognize the necessity of being industrious and frugal. One of the most pointed proofs that the labouring classes are on the scale of progression, may be found in the fact that men who pave families, and others, are generally their own landholders. They plant their canes, raise their cattle, and keep their own vehicles. Yet they continue their situations on the sugar plantations, receiving their salaries, and saving their money."

Complexional distinctions and political exclusiveness have long been rampant in Barbadoes, says the Jamaica *Morning Journal*, which extracts the following from what it calls a long Jesuitical letter, signed A Proprietor, in the *Barbadian*:

"But a more exciting theme yet remains to be considered. The deep seated misfortune of this community is, that it is composed of different races, and that this difference is marked by distinction of colour. Here is a fact which almost inevitably engenders heart burnings, jealousies, and distrusts. But accordingly as such feelings grow out of the infirmities of human nature, are they entitled to be regarded with indulgence and dealt with tenderly. I am sure it is the wish of the more enlightened part of society to assuage these feelings by discreetly removing all cause for them. Nobody doubts that there are individuals allied to the coloured race in every way qualified to maintain a respectable station in society, and it does not appear to me that there is any reluctance amongst the more respectable classes to receive such men amongst them. Two of the largest proprietors of the island are of the coloured race, and I believe it is their own choice alone that keeps them out of general society. I am not personally acquainted with these gentlemen, but I know that they are though; to fulfil all their duties as citizens and proprietors with such entire propriety, discretion and good sense, that we all have pleasure in observing their prosperity. These are the true friends of the race from which they have sprung. Such examples are best calculated to put prejudice out of countenance; and this is the legitimate way to vindicate their claims to be elevated in the scale of society."

Martinique.

The Saint Lucia *Palladium* mentions that party spirit prevailed at the highest pitch in Martinique,—the population being divided in the interests of M. Bissette on the one hand, and M. Papy on the other. M. Bissette uses his influence to secure not only his own election but that of Mr. Pecoul, to the representation of Martinique to the National Assembly—the latter being a white man and a large proprietor of the island, and M. Bissette having affirmed the principle that, in justice to the great majority of the proprietary body, the Colony ought to be represented by at least one of that class. This the adherents of M. Papy were adverse to, and M. Schœlcher was set up as their second favourite. A number of the more respectable people of colour were found to be in favour of Schœlcher and Papy; while M. Bissette had nearly all the whites on his side, and is idolized as "Papa Bissette" by the black population.

M. Mazuleine, one of the "Deputes Sufflean's" chosen at the last Colonial elections, and who stepped into the place of M. Bissette, when the latter declined to sit in the Assembly, arrived at Martinique in the last English steam packet. He is a black man, and was formerly a slave, but got free on being taken by his master to France, where he married a white woman. He was received on his landing by a deputation; but his reception was cold and wan in comparison to the enthusiastic welcome which was given to M. Bissette—in comparison to the acclamations called forth even now by his presence, after a sojourn of three weeks in the Colony.

The popularity of "Papa Bissette" among the lower classes is represented as beyond description. In addition to the innumerable presents of live stock, fruit, &c daily poured at his feet—and pies and cakes stuffed and pricked with doubloons—quantities of sugar, the property of negroes, are carried to town as presents, and shipped for him. From 80 to 100 hhds. of sugar had been, on Monday last, already shipped in this way on board of the Zampa, (the vessel which brought him from France.)

A man who was beating the *bamboula* whilst attending the conveyance of some hogsheads of sugar to M. Bissette, was apprehended by the Commissary of Police (a Papyiste) and committed. His release was immediately demanded by a mob. The Mayor not complying with this demand, troops had to be called to the spot. The mob would listen to no one, until, fortunately, an intimate friend and partizan of Bissette arrived on the spot. He requested them in the name of their "Papa," to disperse, giving them to understand that he would be displeased if they persisted in such conduct. In a moment they dispersed, and order was restored.

Antigua.

The following is from the report of a committee appointed by the Assembly, and taken from the Jamaica *Morning Journal*, of June 6, 1849:

"Taking all the before mentioned considerations into review, your committee cannot but feel the utmost anxiety at the prospect of the future; the only staple commodities of the Colony realizing an unremunerative price, they are nevertheless, not unmindful of many sources of consolation to be found in the peace and order maintained throughout the land—in the reasonable submission of the labouring population, to the indispensable reduction of wages—in the performance of certain work required for the same—in a better supply of labour than has been witnessed for years past—in less differences between employer and labourer, as manifested by the reports from the different police stations, and in the diminution of the number of persons confined in the common jail, among whom, not one female appeared before the visiting Justices at their last monthly inspection.

"Your Committee, in conclusion, would fain encourage the hope, that by unity and concord—industry and economy, under the merciful dispensation of Providence, this island may live through the ordeal under which the West India Colonies are doomed to pass; until a change of fortune shall arise, or Great Britain be aroused to a sense of the manifest injustice of her proceedings towards Free Labour—by crushing it under the encouragement of Slavery."

The *Herald*, alluding to the report, says:

"No tangible surplus in the Treasury, although the new Tariff is as productive as the old? This is the dark side of the picture—what is on the reverse side? Peace and contentment. The reasonable submission of the people to the rate of wages—a better supply of labour than has been witnessed for years past."

Public meetings have been held at the parishes of St. Andrew, St. George, Clarendon, &c. to consider the effect produced on the Colonies by the non-observance of the treaties for the suppression of the Slave Trade. At these meetings the most distiguished gentlemen on the islands took part. Mr. C. Hall said: "The produce raised by slave labour, Government has suffered to be sold in her markets; the honest man was thus compelled to compete with the thief, and therefore it was that we are in our present distressed position." Mr. Osborn said:

The produce of Slavery is admitted freely into England, to the disadvantage of the free producer, and the sliding-scale of duties which they gave us is fast sliding from beneath our feet. There can be no doubt that sugar made by men who are compelled to work sixteen hours in the day, like cattle, can be sold at a cheaper rate by the planter who cannot obtain labour for more than six or eight hours.

You (continued Mr. Osborn, addressing the labourers present) are not employed at such rates of wages as you ought to be, and the reason is evident. If sugar and coffee are shipped home, and they continue to lay down in the warehouses, the proprietors cannot get money to carry on their estates. You see estates thrown up, covered with weeds and bush, and you are not asked to clear it, because they cannot pay you. Many of you think if you could plant cocoas you could eat some and sell some, and by this way you could get on easily. In the time of Slavery a man was allowed one Saturday in two weeks, and that was considered sufficient to enable him to attend to the cultivation of provisions for his family. If one day is enough, what is to be done with the other days? The planter cannot send home yams and plantains, for before they reach half way they would be good for nothing; and if cane and coffee cannot sell, what is to be done? This is the question which induces you to see all classes mixing up here; the state of things has be come perfectly distressing, and we are obliged to be content with half diet, and if it continues longer, we may be brought to quarter diet. However great our distresses, we are sometimes enabled to make a good appearance, but this cannot continue, and we must unite as one man to tell the British public that we are willing to be loyal, but that we cannot, for the sake of loyalty, continue any longer to starve. Let us tell them that we are willing, as children, to perform our duty as such, but that they too have duties which must be performed. We cannot starve for the sake of loyalty—we cannot do without trying to save ourselves. By the sweat of our brow we are to eat our bread, and we are willing to do so, but the interests of the calico manufactures will not permit us to do so; they seem determined to keep us from earning our livelihood, but we must boldly lift our voices and tell them, you shall not any longer prevented us from doing so. We must assume a high position, and know whether we are to be sacrificed for the purpose of spreading the principles of Free Trade. [Hear, hear.]

Mr. Bristowe contended that Great Britain had the power to inforce the observance of the treaties, and in mercy to mankind, and in justice to her own suffering Colonists, she is bound to exercise that power. He said that their own glorious act of emancipation had been in some degree rendered nugatory by the non-observance of the treaties, and that it was a matter of necessity that they should at least be enforced and observed. Mr. B. said that he was not one of those sanguine persons who imagine that every thing is to be attributed—all the evils we are suffering here was to be traced—to the non-fulfilment of the treaties alluded to, but many of them were to be attributed to that source. Happily for the people of this island, said Mr. B. the great act of emancipation put a stop to compulsory labour amongst them; but it is obvious that if the compulsory labour of countless numbers in foreign States, is to be brought into open competition with the labour, (however good and effective,) of a limited number of freemen in Jamaica, the persons employing the latter must of necessity go to the wall. He said it was due to humanity—it is due to the British Colonists—it is due to the great name of the British nation and people, that the accursed system, with its host of united horrors and atrocities, should be put down.

At Clarendon, the following important resolution was adopted:

"That the climate and soil of this island are as favourable for the production of sugar and coffee as any other country; and that its inhabitants are quite prepared for competition in the markets of the world with the natives of Cuba and the Brazils, provided that the stipulations of the treaties made between those countries and Great Britain were as faithfully observed by them, as they have always been by the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty."

The editor of the *Morning Journal* remarks:

As a matter of prudence, and in self-defence, the Colonists are bound to press for the fulfilment of the treaty engagements. When we say the Colonists, we do not mean the handful of absentee and other proprietors of sugar and coffee estates, but the entire of the resident inhabitants of the British possessions in this part of the world, including the lately emancipated slaves. These owe it to themselves and to their countrymen, who are held in Slavery in the Spanish Colonies, and in Brazil, to use every means in their power to put down the Slave Trade, and to terminate Slavery. The present, we trust, is only the commencement of a movement, which shall terminate only when the Slave Trade has been put an end to.

At a public meeting held at Kingston, Jamaica, June 25th, it was resolved that there is not one in ten thousand who seriously desires the reinstatement of his fallen fortunes through the restoration of Slavery or the Slave Trade, but that so long as the sugar planters of Cuba, Porto Rico and Brazil, in defiance of the laws of those respective countries, and of the treaties by which their respective governments stand bound to Great Britain, are permitted to resort to the Coast of Africa for the means of strengthening their hands and increasing their profits, it is hopeless in countries so thinly peopled as Jamaica, for the proprietors of the soil to persevere in its cultivation. The following resolutions were also adopted:

That as the interests of human freedom and of African civilization, the maintenance and welfare of all voluntary inter-tropical industry, and the social progress of our emancipated population are, in this great question, so intimately blended as to be no longer capable of separation or distinction it becomes desirable and expedient that all past differences should be forgotten, and that meeting on the same platform the man of business and the philanthropist, he who is seeking his own advantage, and he who loves his neighbour as himself, should henceforth make common cause with each other in promoting the extinction of the Slave Trade, and the extirpation of Slavery throughout the earth.

That it is also desirable that the views of this meeting should be brought under the notice of the inhabitants of the recently emancipated foreign colonies, and more especially of the French, Danish, and Swedish possessions in these seas, together with the free States on the Continent of America, suggesting to them the advantage of engaging their respective governments to co-operate with that of her Majesty in the negociations with Spain and Brazil which this meeting recommends.

At the above meeting Mr. Jorden said, "It is intended to be insinuated that slave labour was cheaper than free, he should demur. He held the decidedly contrary opinion." He said further:

"The advantage of the slave owner was, that he had the labour when he wanted it, and could apply it as he pleased. The cost of slave labour was not to be estimated simply by the amount paid for the slave and for his maintenance and clothing. There was the expense of the military establishment, necessary to uphold the system. The natural tendency in man was to desire freedom, and the slaves of Cuba would very soon burst asunder the bonds that bound them, but for the large standing army which Spain kept up. Add the cost of that army to the other expenses, and slave labour would be found to be dearer than free. The slave owner, acting upon the principle of the stage coach proprietor, worked his human cattle to death. The average life of a slave in Cuba was seven or eight years. The late Lord George Bentinck had stated in Parliament that it was seven. This fact would give some idea of the manner in which the slaves were worked in that island. But this course was pursued because the Cubans knew that they could draw fresh supplies from Africa. Cut off those supplies, and they would soon have to change their policy. The evil would speedily cure itself. In the conduct of the labourers in this island we have another instance of the evils of Slavery. In that state the people were taught, that one day in a fortnight was sufficient, devoted to the cultivation of the soil, for the maintenance of a man. Was it surprising that upon their emancipation they felt that they were independent of their employers, and their money wages, and that upon discovering that they could till the soil more profitably on their own account they should refuse to labour for others. The present state of things was in a great measure the result of the conduct pursued by the Government, and it was only right that we should ask it now that it had put an end to the English Slave Trade—to Slavery in these Colonies—and had changed its commercial policy, that it should insist upon the treaties being regarded, and an end put to the foreign Slave Trade, from which we have suffered, and were continuing to suffer so severely.

Dr. Macfayden, after eloquently and ably describing the history of the treaties entered into with Great Britain for the suppression of the Slave Trade, said:

Ere I draw to a close, permit me to express my conviction, that were the Slave Treaties enforced, the planters of Jamaica would successfully compete with the slave owners of any country. This is a beautiful island—favoured in soil and climate, surpassed by few in natural advantages. All that is wanted, is, to use a sporting phrase, a free field and no favour—that is to say, free us from competition with those who are backed with the Slave Trade, and we ask no protection. In the meantime let us be true to ourselves and cease to despond; let not cultivation be abandoned too hurriedly, and let us give time to a good Providence to work in our behalf. Let the peace of Europe be once restored, and there will be a vast increase in the consumption of sugar. To be convinced of this, look at France, where there is high duty to protect beet-root sugar. Though the population is double that of England, there is two and a half times less sugar consumed.

Doubtless ere long, monopolies of every kind will be abolished, consumers will be free to all, and the market of the world will be opened to our produce. In concluding, let me remind you in the words of Wayland, an American writer, that there are certain conditions essential to the productive prosperity of every country. There must be industry, frugality, virtue and intelligence. No country, whose inhabitants are possessed of these, however little favoured by climate or otherwise, even with the ordinary blessings of God, can long remain poor. Destitute of these, whatever the natural advantages may be, no country can ever long be rich. These are habits which we ought to cultivate in ourselves as well as in others; and he is the purest patriot who cultivates them most assiduously.

Alluding to the history of Slavery and monopoly in the Colonies, the *Economist* says, "to have persevered in these vicious systems, it became clear to every reflecting mind, must before long have plunged them into irretrievable ruin—must have exposed them to dangers in which the mere questions of commercial and agricultural prosperity would have been but of secondary consideration. The longer the attempt to place them on a sounder and more satisfactory footing, both socially and economically, was postponed, the more difficult and disastrous must have been the change which, under the most favourable circumstances, could not but be attended with considerable suffering."

The *Morning Journal* of July 27th, 1849, in commenting on the above remarks, says, "there can be no doubt that to have persisted in upholding the system of Slavery in the West India Colonies, would have been to pers

the great planters hold from one hundred to twenty hundred slaves.

A letter from the parish of Ascension, Louisiana, giving an account of the ravages of the cholera, lately published in the newspapers, says: "Mr. Trist has lost 20 negroes, Kenner 31, Deile 40, Minor 66, Col. Bibb has lost 74, Bishop Polk 64." But let us apply even the Kentucky ratio, obviously too small, to the whole slave region, and the result is astounding. The whole number of slaves, men, women and children, were by the last census, 2,487,711. This number divided by 22, gives 113,077 as the sum total of the slaveholders in the United States. Beyond all question, even this is an exaggerated estimate.

We are now qualified to judge of the accuracy of the estimates, made by the slaveholders themselves, of their number.

Mr. Horace Mann, in a speech, 30th June, 1848, in the House of Representatives, observed, "I have seen the number of actual slaveholders variously estimated, but the highest estimate I have ever seen, is *three hundred thousand*." He was here interrupted by Mr. Gayle, of Alabama. "If the gentleman from Massachusetts has been informed that the number of slaveholders is only three hundred thousand, then I will tell him, his information is *utterly false*." Mr. Mann—"Will the gentleman tell me how many there are?" Mr. Gayle—"Ten times as many." Ten times three hundred thousand being three millions, there were, according to the gentleman from Alabama, more slaveholders in the country than slaves! Mr. Mead, of Virginia, seeing the awkward position in which Mr. Gayle had placed himself, came to his relief by remarking, "When father or mother owned slaves, they were considered *joint property of the family*, and thus including the grown and the young, there are about three millions interested in slave property." Thus was it attempted to neutralize one absurdity by another. Allowing, on an average, six persons to a family, the slaveholders, their wives and children, cannot, in the aggregate, exceed six hundred thousand, nor the slaveholding voters one hundred thousand!

This small, but powerful aristocracy, wield the political authority of the States in which they reside, and this they do, not only by their wealth and superior education, but by making the masses believe that by protecting and perpetuating Slavery, they are promoting the general good. According to Mr. Underwood, there is in Kentucky a majority of 130,867 *non-slaveholding voters*, yet at the recent election, most of these men were wheedled and threatened into perpetuating the "patriarchal institution" in that State.

It is obvious that the power of the masters rests wholly upon the ignorance and subserviency of the non-slaveholders. Hence the wrath and trepidation manifested by the slaveholders, whenever an attempt is made to enlighten the poor humble voters as to the influence of Slavery on *their* interests. Some years since, the New Orleans papers announced that 500 copies of an address to the non-slaveholders had been received at the post-office in that city, but that, instead of being delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed, they were BURNT! Mr. Barrett has recently been arrested in South Carolina, and is now in prison. His sole offence, the only one of which he is accused, is that of having deposited in the post-office sealed wrappers, addressed to certain white citizens, containing a printed tract written by a native citizen of the State, and virtually addressed to the *non-slaveholders* of South Carolina. The tract points out various provisions in the State constitution, which, it contends, were contrived to give a political preponderance to the owners of slaves. It shows that the representation of the several counties in the legislature is apportioned according to the *slave*, and not to the whole population.

Thus it appears from the tables given, that the two plantation districts of Georgetown and Beaufort, containing 7,743 whites, and 45,673 slaves, have, together, 6 Senators and 10 Representatives; while the district of Spartansburg, having 17,924 whites, and only 5,687 slaves, has but one Senator and 5 Representatives. In this manner care is taken to give to the few slaveholders more representatives than to the many non-slaveholders. So far is this system carried, that less than *one-third* of the free white population elect a majority of the members of both houses of the legislature. The tract also shows that the property qualification for a seat in the legislature is virtually an exclusion of non-slaveholders. No man can be elected to the lower house, unless he possesses real estate worth $700 clear of debts, or 500 acres of land and TEN NEGROES! To be a senator requires double the amount of real estate. The legislature being thus secured to the slaveholders, that body appoints the whole judiciary, including Justices of the Peace, and the Presidential Electors; and to perpetuate this monopoly of slaveholding power, no alteration can be made in the constitution but with the assent of two-thirds of two successive legislatures. The writer proposed a voluntary convention to form a new constitution to be submitted to the legislature. Not a word is said against Slavery as unjust or criminal: but its pernicious influence with poor whites was pointed out, and its *extension* to the new territories, to which poor whites are flocking, deprecated. Yet for merely putting in the post-office this tract, under blank covers, is Mr. Barrett treated as a felon, denounced as an "incendiary Abolitionist," and, as we learn from a Carolina journal, liable to "twelve months imprisonment, and one thousand dollars fine." Nay, we are assured "there is more than a possibility that Mr. Barrett may be indicted for an offence, the penalty of which is DEATH, without benefit of clergy, and assuredly, if convicted, all the Abolitionists in the United States cannot save him."

We see in these efforts of the slaveholders to keep their indigent fellow-citizens in ignorance of the wrongs they suffer, and of the rights to which they are entitled, and to punish whoever would enlighten them: a despotism as jealous and as heartless as any known in the Old World.

Our 100,000 slaveholders are now threatening 20,000,000 of people with rebellion and civil war, if forbidden to establish, over vast regions of the American continent, now free, the system of white serfage, with a landed aristocracy like that with which South Carolina is cursed. To their insolent and iniquitous demand the WILMOT PROVISO interposes a stern denial. Yet multitudes of northern citizens, recreant to their own republican professions, and actuated by the most selfish, sordid motives, are devising how they may co-operate with the champions of human bondage in preventing the enactment of the Proviso. Many of the Whig leaders, fearful of offending their Southern allies, are heaping contempt upon the Proviso, by calling it "*an abstraction*," and denouncing those who insist upon it, *a faction!* The Hunker democracy, in the face of the world, unblushingly avow that they cannot consent to divide the party, and sacrifice their expectations of power and emolument merely to secure the future liberty and happiness of New Mexico and California.

When we read of the princes of Dahomey or Gaboon entering the villages of their neighbours, burning their homes and carrying off their people to be sold into perpetual Slavery, none can be found here so stolid or so politic as not to shiver with horror at the tale, but when it is proposed to open a new market for property thus acquired in a vast territory which we found free, and by force of arms have subjected to our rule, we find even in the State of New York, a party unwilling to express any opinion upon the subject by which, as a party, they will be bound, lest they peril thereby their political fortunes. It is a saddening reflection, that with all the political and social advantages which are enjoyed under American institutions, there should be so little difference, morally, between Gaboonism and Hunkerism, between the leaders in Dahomey and the leaders at Rome.

From the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

A DESPERATE NEGRO.—Some years since a gentleman residing in Anderson county in this State, sold a negro man to a citizen of Middle Tennessee. The negro was removed to the home of his new master, but in a short time ran away and returned to Anderson county, and secreted himself for a year or more *in the neighbourhood of his wife*, but was finally discovered and apprehended, and again taken to Middle Tennessee. He remained the second time until a favourable opportunity was presented and again absconded. This was six or seven years since. A large reward was offered for his apprehension. Diligent search was for a long time made, but no traces of him being discovered, his running away had passed entirely out of the minds of all but his owners. A few days since, however, two men, residing in Anderson county, by the names of Diggs and Low, were out with their rifles hunting game. Being fatigued and thirsty, for the purpose of refreshing themselves, they concluded to go to a fine spring not far off. This they did, and up to the cabin, where there were several white women living. Diggs took his seat upon a bed, while his companion, Low, remained in the yard. One of the women was in the cabin, and so soon as Diggs entered, she commenced a sprightly conversation with him, during which she approached the bedside and let fall on the floor a huge butcher knife, at which, as soon as it struck the floor, the hand of a negro caught from under the bed. Diggs suspicion being thus awakened, he, with great presence of mind, kicked the knife beyond the reach of the hand, and instantly a huge negro sprang out, drew up an axe with both hands, and was swinging it over so as to cleave the skull of Diggs, when fortunately the force of the blow was so far checked by the axe striking the "loft," that all the injury Diggs sustained was a slight gash in his forehead of four or five inches in length. Diggs cocked his gun, presented it at the negro and fired; but the negro observed the precise position of the muzzle, and placed the broadside of the axe before it, so that the bullet must necessarily strike it, as it did. Diggs sprang upon the negro and grappled, but did not succeed in throwing him until the negro had struck him another severe blow above the eye with the axe. The report of the gun brought Low into the cabin just as Diggs threw the negro upon the bed. Low ran up immediately and with his butcher knife stabbed the negro three times in the side, sticking the knife each time as deep as he could. Finding that this did not vanquish the negro, who still struggled with Diggs, he placed the gun at the negro's side and discharged the load into his body. This overcame the negro and he yielded, bleeding from every wound very profusely. Diggs and Low supposing that he must necessarily die, went out in search of neighbours, who, when they came in, discovered the negro still alive, and knew him to be the same negro that had been so long "in the woods." The negro was removed to the Clinton jail, where he is now confined to await a trial for the assault upon Diggs' life, the punishment for which, if he be convicted, is death; though we learn there is no probability that he will recover.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1849.

Passports,—Who are Citizens?

If the Administration at Washington has had any doubts as to what sort of support it would receive from the Whig press of the North, in any position it might see fit to assume in relation to the Slavery question, it must be completely at ease by this time, and assured that the *Boston Atlas*, the *Albany Journal*, the *New York Tribune*, and others of a like character, are quite of the easiest sort of virtue, and only waited to be asked to be conquered, though they still try to enhance the value of their favours by protestations of innocence, and denunciations of guilt. Mr. Clayton had no better palliation for doing a very bad thing than that others had done it before him, and the excuse is entirely satisfactory to the Northern editors, to whom he looks for support, some of them even striving to prove that the Secretary is not only right in the particular case of oppression which he has been called upon to commit, but that they have argument enough on hand to justify him in anything else of the same sort he may please to perpetrate. The *Tribune*, which wishes that the British Government had *only* sent John Mitchell here that we might show her how we would receive *her* criminals, is satisfied that if Mr. Clayton is not exactly morally right in refusing Passports to coloured people, he is right by precedent, and that for that the blame should not rest upon him, but upon his Loco-foco predecessors—as if, if the precedent is good for anything, former Whig Secretaries were not as responsible as those of the other party! But the rights of Hungarian and Italian citizens keep our neighbour too busy to spare him time to look after anybody's citizenship at home. The *Journal*, however, does Mr. Clayton better service. It brings forward a "distinguished lawyer" to show not only that Mr. Clayton was right in following precedent, but that he would have been wrong had he done anything else, for blacks are not citizens of the United States according to some decision which a slaveholding Court in some slave State saw fit to make, and also according to the decision in Prudence Crandall's case, when the Court came up to the assistance of the mob in suppressing a woman's school for little children. The *Jonrnal* has, to-be-sure, another correspondent, over whom it rejoices inasmuch as he shows it to be still a mooted point whether blacks are citizens or not, though, at the same time, he justifies Secretary Clayton in not having given the weight of the authority of the State Department in favour of the African race; it being, of course, much more proper and statesmanlike that that authority should be on the wrong side rather than on the right. The *Boston Atlas* also has a correspondent ready with chapter and verse, the same, if we remember aright, with those quoted in the *Journal*, who denies that a coloured man can be a citizen of the United States.

We should like these legal gentlemen to answer one or two plain questions which might perhaps simplify the matter: 1st. Is the Constitution of the United States the supreme law of the land? 2d. If according to the Constitution "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," is not a citizen of Massachusetts a citizen of South Carolina? 3d. Is a coloured man a citizen in Massachusetts? and if so, is he not a citizen of South Carolina, and of the United States? It seems to us there is no great difficulty in settling these points, and in settling them, we are in a fair way of deciding whether Secretary Clayton has any right to refuse a Passport to a coloured man, precedent or no precedent.

The precedent question, however, has not yet been altogether settled. For our own part we have no doubt that the uniform practice of the State Department would have been to deny Passports to coloured people, if it were known that coloured people applied for them, and the bearing of the subject considered, on the general principle of this Government that everything should be done to oppress that unfortunate class, that thereby their bondage should be strengthened and made more galling. But we have seen no evidence as yet that former Secretaries have shown anything like the same keenness in this matter as has been displayed by the Whig Secretary, Mr. Clayton. To make out a case of precedent, an exception, it is said, was made in favour of Mr. Purvis, and Mr. Williams got a Passport by mistake. But Mr. Williams was a coloured man, and must have been so described in his Passport; and we are assured of at least one other Passport which, unlike that which we copied two weeks ago, acknowledged the bearer as a "citizen of the United States," and was obtained, not long after that given to Mr. Purvis, by Mr. Arnold Buffum, for a coloured man of Philadelphia, rather remarkable than otherwise for his exceeding blackness. But Mr. Powell, says the *Washington Republic*, was refused a Passport by Mr Buchanan *because* he was a coloured man, and this, the *Boston Atlas* and other prints consider as settling the question of precedent, for the editor of the *Republic* has seen the letter on file in the State Department. This we do not doubt, but we deny that he found there that Mr. Buchanan refused a Passport to Mr. Powell because he was coloured. We take the liberty of showing, by copying the letter, that the *Republic*, to make out a case for the Whig Secretary, has *falsified the record*; Mr. Cooper happened fortunately to preserve the letter, and the original is before us, and is as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE:

WASHINGTON, November 6, 1846.

George D. Cooper, Esq.

Notary Public, New-York:

SIR—Your two letters of the 4th instant, applying for passports have been received this day. In one you state, "a passport is required for William. P. Powell. Mr. Powell is of a mulatto colour, but of Indian extraction:" and each is accompanied by an affidavit, that the person in whose behalf you make the application "was born" at the place named therein.

On referring to the enclosed copy of a circular on the subject, you will perceive that inasmuch as the passport certifies the bearer to be a *citizen* of the United States, the Department can have no authority to issue one to any person, except upon proof of his being at the time a citizen. This therefore is the fact to be established, and with reference to which the rules of the Department have necessarily been framed. This fact is a totally distinct one from that of birth. Birth within the United States does not even constitute proof of citizenship; it affords a presumption of it, and that is all.

Accordingly the rules of the Department require that "when the applicant is a native citizen, he must transmit an affidavit of the fact;" that is, of the fact that he is a *citizen* of the United States, born in the United States. I must call your attention likewise to the other particulars specified under that head; one of which requires that the affidavit, when it purports to have been made before a Notary Public, shall be verified by his "seal of office:" this seal constituting the best protection the Department can have against applications that might be falsely made in the name of a Notary.

The subject of citizenship is one of so delicate and important a nature, that it is indispensable that all the rules in regard to passports be strictly observed, and that all the affidavits relating to them, which issue from the offices of Notaries Public and other State functionaries, be in strict accordance with the forms prescribed by the laws under the authority of which they act.

I am, Sir, respectfully
Your obd't serv't
JAMES BUCHANAN.

There is nothing here about colour. Mr. Powell is simply directed to "transmit an affidavit of the fact" of his being a citizen. This he did not do, not because he did not consider himself a citizen of this State, and therefore a citizen of the United States, but because, for certain private reasons, he concluded not to take out a Passport at that time. The presumption is that had he gone before a Notary, and made the affidavit in proper form, and forwarded it to Washington, that Mr. Buchanan would have sent him the Passport. So much for the only case of precedent which Mr. Clayton's friends can bring forward in his justification. As the *Republic* could not find a case to its purpose it made one, and it is the more unfortunate, as it happens to be turned so completely against Mr. Clayton's postion, that a Loco-foco Secretary should have been chosen as his justification.

The Circular referred to by Mr. Buchanan is also before us, and its directions as to the necessary steps to be taken to secure a Passport are clear and brief. Nothing whatever is said of colour farther than that "*complexion*" is named as one of the particulars to be attended to by everybody. The following paragraph is the only one directing what measures shall be first taken to secure the Passport.

"When the applicant is a *native* citizen he must transmit an affidavit of this fact, stating his age and place of birth, and sworn to by himself and one other citizen of the United States named therein, to whom he is personally known, and to the best of whose knowledge and belief the declaration made by him is true. This affidavit must be attested by a Notary Public, under his sigature and seal of office. When there is no Notary in the place, the affidavit may be made before a Justice of the Peace, or other officers authorized to administer oaths."

Had Mr. Powell made such affidavit before a Notary would Secretary Buchanan have refused him a Passport? Clearly not, as he sent for the affidavit after being told that Mr. Powell was of 'mulatto colour' The only case that Secretary Clayton's friends can find then as a precedent, turns out to be a precedent against them. They must try again.

Cuba.

The history of the annexation of Texas is of too recent date, and too familiar to all intelligent persons to admit of any general doubt that a similar game is about to be played with Cuba for the same purposes, and, without doubt, with the same result. The Whig party, however readily it may acquiesce in the extension of the territory of the U. S. when the deed is already done, is not the party to originate any such policy, or to cherish it, for their strength lies at the North, and in a class, where and with which territorial aggrandisement is not popular. The present Whig administration therefore, we believe, will be disposed to check the Cuban movement, and needing such support it may for the present fall to the ground. We nevertheless believe that Cuba will as certainly be annexed to this Union, as we know that Texas is annexed already.—The straws which, for two or three years past, have shown the wind to set in that quarter have been plain enough to eyes that are open, and we may rest assured that the fleshmongers of the Southern States will not let so valuable a prize slip through their fingers to become, either through revolution, or the power and influence of England, a free State, nor lose so valuable an acquisition to the slave-power of this country for want of an effort to obtain it.

Should Cuba be annexed to these States, however, and admitted within the next five years as a slave State of the Union, we are by no means certain that it will be a thing to grieve for. It could hardly fail to hasten the day of the dissolution of the Union, nor probably would it perpetuate the system of Slavery in that Island. The slaves themselves certainly would be no worse as American than as Spanish slaves, and there could be no less freedom to the whites, and might be more. The ultimate chance of the abolition of Slavery from an internal movement would be greater than it now is, and a check to the Foreign Slave Trade would probabe given, as a repeal of the United States law against that traffic would hardly be made in favour of Cuba; and with a population of about 800,000 blacks to 600,000 whites she would prefer rather the exporting trade in young men and women to the importing trade. It may be therefore that the scheme may be one eminently calculated if successful to plague the inventors, and to defeat the very ends which it was calculated to advance.

That the plot is a deep-laid one there can be no doubt. General Taylor knew very well what he was about when he issued his Proclamation. Machinery has unquestionably been set to work in every part of the Union, and had the executive held its tongue some result would have been seen before this time. The abduction of Rey, about which so much noise has been made, we suspect was only a means to create excitement, and to direct it against the existing Government of Cuba, that the movement itself might gain something of popular feeling in its behalf. From the correspondence between the Governor General of the Island and the American Consul at Havana, and the deposition of Rey, which we publish in another column, it is doubtful whether this man was ever abducted at all. But there is a fact connected with him which may have suggested the notion of using his departure as a ready method of creating excitement, and may have really had another and deeper meaning which mere outsiders cannot fathom. The alleged crime, for which it was said Rey was returned to Cuba for punishment, was his connivance, when jailer of a prison in Havana, in the escape of two State prisoners. One, if not both these men, is known as an advocate of revolutionizing the Island and annexing it to the United States, and he, doubtless, is deeply concerned in the plot against which the President's Proclamation was aimed, and concerning which some revelations are made all over the country. This man's name is Villaverde, and he wrote a letter in May last to the *Savannah Republican*, which was enough in itself to suggest the thought of annexation, and to entitle him to the gratitude of the American slaveholders to whom he offered so brilliant an acquisition. The main purpose of this letter is to show that there is a large party in Cuba who anxiously desire such annexation; that "it is the instinct of every Cuban who looks on Cuba as his country, and who cherishes the desire to elevate himself to the rank of a freeman."

The letter is too long to copy and is not worth it if it were not. His main argument is that Cuba is now oppressed by the despotism of Spain, and that many of her people desire to participate in the freedom of this Republic. One paragraph, however, we quote, which, as Mr Villaverde lasquez has signalized it by italics, contains probably the strongest reason, to his mind, why the attempt should be made. We change his italics to capitals, and copy it:

"I will not say that all the people of Cuba desire a separation from Spain, for their hatred of despotism, for their love of liberty and because they believe that in it lies their preservation; nor will I say that among the causes which impel them to annexation the sympathy for the liberal institutions of this great confederacy operates with great power; much less would I be so bold as to assert that the opinion in Cuba favourable to annexation is *unanimous*; but what I can say, without fear of contradiction, is this: that EVERY PROPRIETARY (MORE ESPECIALLY IF A PLANTER,) MUST NECESSARILY BE AN ANNEXATIONIST, FOR THE SIMPLE AND VERY FORCIBLE REASON, ALREADY WELL KNOWN, THAT THE ONLY MEANS TO PRESERVE AND TO PERPETUATE THE DOMESTIC INSTITUTIONS IN THIS ISLAND, IS TO PUT THEM UNDER THE SAFEGUARD OF THE UNITED STATES And every son of Cuba must necessarily be interested in the cause of annexation, if he ever hopes to be raised from his present state of degradation. So that if it be true, as I have good reason for believing, that every property-holder, and every Cuban who wishes to meliorate his condition, is an annexationist, it can then be said that the opinion in Cuba in favour of annexation is to a certain point unanimous.

As Senor Garcia delivered this man from a Spanish dungeon it is not strange that his supposed abduction should have excited the sympathy of the whole South, and that the Government should be called upon to effect his release at any expense. But whether abducted or not his clandestine departure was too good an opportunity to be lost of exciting popular indignation against Spain, and of preparing the popular mind for the movement that is yet to follow.

Kossuth.

A RACE of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nation's duty thou has done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am: O! Future, thou
That clear'st the just and blot'st the vile,
Oe'r this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough
Our God sent forth awakening breath;
Came chains? Came death? the strain He blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

J. R. L.

As we published two or three weeks since the account of an affray in Louisville, Ky. in which one of the publishers of the *Examiner* was said to be engaged, in justice to that gentlemen we now copy the statement made in the *Examiner* itself.

Affray in the First Ward.

Most of our readers know that an affray occured in the First Ward, during the late election in our city, in which Mr. Seymour, the publisher of the *Examiner*, was attacked, and a Mr. Means shot by Mr. S. We expected the matter to undergo a judicial investigation, and determined to say nothing on the subject until after the investigation should have placed the matter in a proper light. But as erroneous accounts of the affair have got abroad, we will say a word or two on the subject.

The editors of this paper are utterly opposed to the carrying of arms by private citizens, and they would have attempted to dissuade Mr. S. from doing so, if they had had any knowledge of the matter. But we could have employed nothing but advice. He is a free agent, and would have taken his own course. We have made this statement that our own position may be known.—Now, a word or two in regard to the affray.

It has been stated that Mr. Seymour went to the polls, "cursing and swearing"—that he called some one a "d—d son of a b—h," &c. Now, there is not one man in a thousand in the city of Louisville who believes any such statement. Certainly no one believes it who has any acquaintance with Mr. S. We have never heard him use anything approaching to profane language during our acquaintance with him; and the most delicate lady in Louisville is not more fastidious in avoiding vulgar language than he is. On the first day of the election, he saw several persons beaten for voting according to their sentiments. After a particular instance of the kind, he remarked that it was a shame that in a republican government men should be so abused for exercising their rights. His language, it seems, was reported to some of the "fighting men."—In the evening a friend of Mr. S. who, we believe, is a pro-slavery man, told him that he was in danger of getting a beating. Mr. S. mentioned the matter at his boarding-house, and a friend told him as he was going out after dark he had better take a pistol which the gentleman offered to loan him. This explains the fact that Mr S. had a pistol. He is not in the habit of carrying weapons.

The next morning, he again went to the First Ward. The weather was very warm, and Mr, S. to relieve himself, raised his hat, which was full of tickets. Some of the tickets fell to the ground, and while Mr. S. was stooping to pick them up he was struck by Mr. Means, an athletic man. Mr. S. attempted to make his escape from the crowd, Means and several others pursued him, and while running Mr. S. turned partly round and fired at Means, who was nearest to him. Both fell.—A. J. Ballard, Esq. then fired at a man who was beating Mr. S. as he was laying on the ground. This probably saved Mr. Seymour's life. The man who was shot at turned from Mr. S. to fire at Mr. B. Another gentleman also fired a pistol. During the affray a little boy was shot. All the parties are now recovering. Mr. S. was badly bruised, having been severely kicked in the face and head. Gentlemen of unimpeachable, veracity who witnessed the whole affair, have told us that Mr. Seymour had not said a word to Mr. Means when he was knocked down. They expect to make the statement in court.

☞ The *Cincinnati Globe* publishes the following letter from Dr. Brisbane in relation to the Barrett Case:

GENTLEMEN:—A gentleman has handed to me the of *Spartan* South Carolina, containing the following very *complimentary* notice of myself which I request you to republish in your paper. I premise that it is from the pen of a Baptist minister. Of course I have no occasion to defend my character in this community, nor even in South Carolina among those who know me best.

It was in 1835 only I was editor of the paper to which the writer alludes. I continued to contribute to its editorial columns by the desire of the publisher in 1836. And in 1836 I was invited to the pastoral charge of the church in Columbia, the capital of the State, and was urged by Judge O'Neal to accept it with his promise to aid in my support there, although his residence was in another town, 40 miles distant. In December 1837, I was elected Secretary of the South Carolina Baptist State Convention, and in 1838 moved (not "escaped") from Carolina to this State. And finally it is well known to many here and in Carolina, that my slaves were emancipated, and have been residing in this neighbourhood several years. Now let the reader, keeping these dates and circumstances in mind, judge of the character of the following letter:

MOUNT ZION, S. C. Aug. 1st, 1849.

Mr. Editor—You are no doubt right in supposing that *William Henry Brisbane* is the author of the Barrett letters, and the prime mover of those dark and wicked abolition schemes, which of late have so much disquieted the public mind.

W. H. Brisbane commenced the publication of a Baptist paper in Charleston in the year 1833 or 4, was considered by the Baptist denomination sound on the subject of Slavery, a man of talents, and well calculated to Edit the denominational paper of this State. His paper was generally patronized by the Baptists in South Carolina. However, it was not long before his Abolition sentiments began to be developed, and the paper was turned over, I believe, to Dr. Brantly in whose hands it died. Brisbane after selling some 39 slaves, made his escape to the State of Ohio, where he has been I suppose plotting his fiendish designs against the peace of his native State ever since. I well remember Mr. B.'s attendance at New Hope Association. This is the only time I ever saw him, though I am familiar with his history, and my deliberate opinion is, that a more infamous scoundrel scarcely lives on the earth.

Yours, &c. JOHN G. LANDRUM.

The editor of the *Spartan* also expresses the belief that I am the author of the "Brutus" papers. Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not mean to repel the charges made by either the Editor of the *Spartan*, or his correspondent. If by being sponsor for them I can shield any hunted Carolinians from personal danger, I am very willing to have all such papers and plots fathered upon myself, and I certainly fully coincide with the views of "Brutus," and so far as the character of the pamphlets is concerned am perfectly willing to shoulder all responsibility.

It is well known in this community that I have good reason for desiring to see South Carolina delivered from the despotism which is now grinding her to powder. I have myself suffered enough to know that the white citizens of that State are subjects of oppression not much less galling than their "blacks" endure. It is but eighteen months ago that I went there to visit my numerous relatives and friends who love and respect me; and whilst my wife, infant and self were enjoying their company and receiving their hospitalities and affectionate attentions, a conspiracy was secretly forming among the enemies of Liberty, and the riotously disposed, to make an assault upon me; and on a cold winter's night with my wife and child both sick, we had to leave the warm fire-side of our friends, and for their as well as our own safety, hasten forty or fifty miles by private conveyance through forests and swamps to the railroad depot, and leave the State. Not knowing we had left, a packed meeting of citizens was held for the purpose of taking proceedings against me. Fortunately two or three of the friends of order heard of the meeting in time to take part in the discussions, and by opposing their violent demonstrations to modify somewhat their course of action. But they appointed a committee to wait upon me and warn me to leave the State. And for what was this done? They very well knew that I was not a man to engage in schemes of servile insurrection. They knew that I had always borne the character when I lived among them, of being an honest and an honourable man. They knew me as one who had tried to be a faithful minister of the gospel among them. They knew too that the church in their neighbourhood of which I was formerly the Pastor, had still such confidence in my integrity and christian character, notwithstanding my well known opinions on the subject of Slavery, as to have had me by invitation to preach in their pulpit but a few days before. They knew that, those who were paying me friendly attention were themselves slaveholders, and as deeply interested as any others, in consequence of my presence in the State, and therefore if *they* could have confidence in me, *others* might. All these things they knew. Why then did they thus set upon me? It was for no other reason than that I had opinions adverse to Slavery, and had emancipated my slaves.

Have I not then some cause to aid any who may be disposed to promote a better state of public sentiment there, so as to raise non-slaveholders to an equality with those who now wield the power and authority in that State? And I take this occasion to publish, that I am ready at any time and at all times to receive communications from Caroliniaans, such as the "Brutus" pamphlets, or the answers to Mr. Elwood Fisher's celebrated Lecture, and to share the responsibility of their circulation. Yes, while my fathers, my brothers, and sisters, and my own childrens' bodies are fertilizing the soil of "my own, my native land," whilst Slavery is reducing it to barrenness, I shall feel I have a right to employ all honourable means to promote the highest interest of the State, and arouse the citizens to free themselves from a despotism more tyrannical than that of Russia. Could I feel quiet under the consciousness that I would have no protection of law, were I to visit the spot where first I drew the breath of life? Who that has the heart of a patriot would submit tamely to such humiliation? What true Carolinian will, without a struggle, yield his neck to such a yoke? What Christian can feel it his duty to be passive under such circumstances? So help me, Heaven, I shall do what I can towards giving Carolinians freedom of speech and freedom of the Press.

As to the case of Mr Barrett, his prosecutors are certainly giving very little proof of common sense There is no one who looks carefully into the correspondence, but must see that Mr. Barrett was designed to be made the involuntary agent of distributing documents of which he knew nothing. I have good reason to believe that none but Carolinians are responsible for the authorship of those papers, and that Mr. Barrett could not possibly know who were the writers either of the pamphlets or of the letters that enveloped them. It was, however, his misfortune to be a stranger in Carolina, and all strangers there from the North are suspected of Abolitionism; and the result has proved that it was imprudent and unwise for "Brutus" or his accessories to have thus addressed *him*. But who would have supposed that Carolina was so deeply baptized into despotism that sealed documents were not safe from public scrutiny? That many of their own citizens would get into jail by the examining of private letters and the breaking of seals, I have very little doubt; for if they continue their efforts to suppress the freedom of speech, they must expect those whom they try to crush will take measures to reach the *private* eye and ear, to effect a change in the *public* sentiment of the State. And who that values liberty will blame them for it?

Accompanying this, Messrs. Editors, you have the three tracts of "Brutus." When I receive a copy of the "*True Carolinian*," you can have that also My own views coincide with those of "Brutus," but from the views of a "True Carolinian" I dissent.

I am, sirs, yours respectfully,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE.

P. S. Perhaps at some future time I shall be at liberty to communicate to your readers some things connected with this affair that I cannot now do without a breach of private confidence.

Cheviot, O. Aug, 18, 1849.

The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* begins an article with "our coloured fellow citizens." This reminds us of a company wending their way toward a certain village: a traveller, whose curiosity was excited by the numbers he met going the same direction, inquired what was to be done, that so many had turned out? when he was quietly informed by a female in company:—"There is a couple of *gentlemen* to be hung to-day, and we is gwine to the hanging."—*Asheville* (N. C.) *Messenger*.

Were we as sensitive about our relation to the coloured people, as the *Messenger* seems to be, and lived in the Carolinas, the less said about it, we should think, the better. The Rev. Mr. Daniels, a celebrated and eccentric Methodist preacher, somewhere in that region of country, was warned not long since—a correspondent of a New York paper tells the story—that he must be very guarded in his language in a town where he was to preach that Sunday, for the people were noted for their highly intellectual and moral character. I will remember it, said the preacher; and on observing the great number of mulattoes in the galleries, as he arose in the pulpit—"Brethren and Sisters!" he cried out, "I have been told that I must be very careful in my language; that I am to address a highly intellectual and moral congregation; I would just like to ask a question of this moral congregation: "Where did all them yaller galls in the gallery come from?"

The editor of the *Messenger* belongs to that moral community, and shares its "institutions," but for ourselves, we are content with the less intimate relation of "fellow citizen" as it exists where Slavery does not make either the laws or the customs.

☞ *The Lynn Pioneer & Herald of Freedom*, which for the last year and a half has been edited by Mr. George Bradburn, ceased to exist with its last No. A want of support is the reason given.

CHARITY AT 5 PER CENT.—*The Tribune* proposes to send substantial aid to the Hungarians in the shape of a million of dollars, to be raised as a loan, and to be repaid by that people in ten years with 5 *per cent* annual interest. It is a most American proposition, and would, very likely, be acceptable if proper security can be offered. If beside the reward which virtue secures for itself it can be made to pay 5 *per cent*, who would not be virtuous?

There are a great many *Hungry 'uns* with whom we come in personal communication in the course of a year, who are representatives of a few million more who go hungry, and naked, and poor, and ignorant, and brutal all their lives; who work without wages, are spurred to labour by the cart-whip; kept to their duty by the fear of dogs and rifles; who have no rights; and are allowed no privileges; who live without motive, and die without hope. In their behalf a loan is always wanted, though no scrip is issued, and the only interest is that which may come sometime from a treasure laid up "where moth cannot corrupt, nor theives break through and steal."

We would help the Hungarians abroad with what was left when our duty was done by the Hungry 'uns at at home.

HENRY COLMAN.—The Caledonia brings intelligence of the death of the Rev. Henry Colman, at London, on the 17th of August. He had engaged a passage home in the steamer but was seized with fever, and died before her departure. His age was about 65 years.

For several years past Mr. Colman has been abroad, his time and attention mainly devoted to observation of European agriculture, the result of which he has already in part given to the world. For many years in the early portion of his life he was pastor of an Unitarian Church in Hingham, Mass. and was afterward successively a teacher, a settled clergyman in Salem, Mass. a farmer, in Deerfield, Mass, and the editor of an agricultural paper at Rochester, New York. His later years have been exclusively devoted to Agriculture, as Agricultural Commissioner of his native State, and in his travels in Europe. Both at home and abroad he was never ashamed to be known as an Abolitionist.

NO MORE MEXICAN TERRITORY.—The late Vice-President Dallas has recently written a long letter on the subject of the Treaty with Mexico, in which he says:—

"To such of our fellow-citizens as view with discontent the enlargement of the territory, it may be some consolation that this treaty emphatically provides against further extension south. No change is ever to be made in this boundary, except by the express and free consent of both nations, lawfully given by the General Government of each, in conformity with its own constitution. The stipulation is stringent and unequivocal. Its covert allusion to the annexation of Texas cannot be mistaken; and it is an inviolable pledge by both contracting parties that such a case shall never be again enacted. Tamaulipas, New Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, Lower California may separately or altogether achieve independence, but without the positive and constitutional sanction of the central authorities in Mexico, not one of them can be admitted into our Union except by manifest breach of faith. The general principles and practices under the laws of nations, to which we so justly appeal in vindication of our course as to Texas, are henceforward, as between the American and Mexican confederacies, specially modified and restricted. How far it was either prudent or politic on our part to do this, has ceased to be an open question. It is done, deliberately and voluntarily done; and extension in that quarter is arrested by an insurmountable barrier of national honour and justice."

This is the opinion of Mr. Dallas, and will go for what it is worth as that of a distinguished party leader. It is well to put it on record were it only to show, supposing the article referred to to be as stringent and unequivocal as he says, that, when the time comes, it will be as easily broken as a rope of sand, as easily torn as any other paper promises made by the American Government, but which have been found incompatible with the pro-slavery policy of its rulers, and therefore broken or forgotten.

HURLBURT'S ESSAYS.—We made an extract last week from this capital work on "Human Rights and Political Guaranties," which we presume did not escape the attention of the observant reader. We refer to it now to say that a few copies of the work are for sale at this office.

ONE OF THE "FAT AND SLEEK."—The *Newport News* says that Mr. Clay's body servant, Levi, left his master on Saturday last, and has probably gone to Boston. The man was induced to take this rash step, says the *News*, by some coloured persons, "instigated probably by the Abolitionists." Whether the notion, that he had better work on his own account instead of Mr. Clay's, and put the wages into his own pocket instead of his master's, was original or not with Levi, it was a very good notion, and we hope he will hold to it. But what will the Whigs say? Won't the papers advertise the runaway, and the party turn out to catch him?

Mr. Clay passed through this city on Tuesday on his way home.

The New Orleans Abduction Case.

The *New Orleans Crescent* of the 24th ult. publishes the corrrespondence of the American Consul at Havana, and the Captain General of Cuba, with the deposition of Rey, the man who, it has been alleged, was kidnapped at New Orleans.

LETTER OF GEN. CAMPBELL, TO EL CONDE DE ALCOY.

HAVANA, July 30, 1849
CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

To His Excellency, the Conde de Alcoy, Governor and Captain General, &c. &c.:

SIR—I received on Thursday by the British steamer certain influential newspapers of New Orleans, some extrac

I conclude, then, by informing you that I can find no means of acceding to your request; and if, notwithstanding what I have stated above, you think that it is your duty to insist upon your demand, you must recur to your government, which, no doubt, will know how to give, through regular means, a proper turn to the question. May God preserve you many years.

EL CONDE DE ALCOY.

HAVANA, August 2, 1849.
To the Consul of the United States.
A true copy: EL CONDE DE ALCOY.

DECLARATION OF REY.

At the ever faithful city of Havana, the 6th of August 1849 appeared before His Excellency and the present Notary Juan Garcia, a native of Gallicia, ex-jailer of the royal prison at this city, a bachelor four-and-twenty years old, at present a prisoner in consequence of the flight which he helped to effect from the royal prison of Vicente Fernandez and Civilo Villaverde, and having bound himself to tell the truth as far as he knew, was examined in the following manner:

Being asked, if at the end of last month, whilst in quarantine, the American Consul visited him and offered him protection, and what he answered he said: That Senor Campbell visited him, and asked him if he had come there voluntarily or by force, and if he wished to return in the same ship to the United States; to which he answered, that he had come of his own free will, and that he did not wish to return. Being asked, if, in this declaration, he acted frankly and freely, or if he was impelled by any cause to conceal his true feelings he said: That he acted frankly and freely. Being asked, if the same day, he had written a letter to the American Consul, calling for his intervention, in order that he might return to the United States, he said:—That he had, and that he was led to it from being told by an individual whom he did not know, and who passed in a boat alongside of the vessel in quarantine, that he had done wrong not to accept the offer of Senor Campbell, for that he would fare badly; that this speech made an impression on him, and in a moment of terror he wrote the letter which he was asked about. Being asked if he wrote said letter aboard of an American vessel, he said: Yes; and that she was called the Andrew Ring: that when he said he signed aboard the "Terrible," it was an equivocation, because there was no such ship as the Terrible, nor had there been during the quarantine which he kept on the Ring and the Mary Ellen. Being asked, what induced him to come here and what made him leave New Orleans, he said:—That Vicente Fernandez almost entirely abandoned him in that city, and more completely still when said Fernandez went away without taking leave, and without deponents knowing where he was going; that deponent feared yet greater poverty and driven on by want and by the fear that Fernandez had put in play his evil arts to get rid of him and assassinate him, in order that he (deponent) might not reveal certain important secrets which he (Fernandez) had imparted to him in the days of confidence. The deponent presented himself at the Spanish Consul, who received him kindly; that the Consul told him that he would write to Havana to see if he could obtain a pardon; and that after some time, he (the Consul) showed two letters from the political Secretary in which pardon was offered if he made revelations to justify it, and that he had nothing to fear; that this and the persuasions of the Consul decided him to come; and being one night at the house of Jose Morante, where he lived, Faigencio Lucrente called on him about eight o'clock in the evening, and went with him, unaccompanied by any other person, until he embarked on board the Mary Ellen. Being asked if any force was used to put him on board, he said "no; and that there could not have been any, as he was with Lucrente alone, and at an hour when the streets were full of people." Being asked if he was in a carriage or afoot, he said "That he was afoot." Being asked if he had endeavoured to conceal in New Orleans the fact that he intended coming to Havana, he said: "That the Consul had charged him to say nothing of it, fearing, doubtless, that the friends of Fernandez would attempt something against him if they could not induce him to desist." Being asked if he remembers to have told Jose Morante of the fears which assailed him, he said: "Yes, and that Morante gave him a pistol which he left in his house when he came away." Being asked if in returning to this city he wrote to his Excellency, the Captain General, the letter placed before him, and which was dated 23d July, 1849, he said; "That he wrote it." Being asked on what ship he signed said letter, he said: "That although it purported to have been signed on board of the Pinole, he was really on the Andrew Ring, on which he that day went on leaving the Mary Ellen, but as the crew did not speak Spanish, nor he English, he did not understand the name of the vessel." Being asked if, two or three days after, he wrote to the political Secretary another letter of 14 pages, which was placed before him, beginning "Senor D Crispia Jimenes de Saudoval: Sir: I have received the letter you sent me," and concluding, "Having nothing else to say. On board the Terrible, on the the 26th of July, 1849. I am yours, respectfully, Juan Garcia. Said: "That he wrote it; and when he did so, he was aboard the Andrew Ring Being asked if he was forced or induced by any violent means to write said letter, said that he wrote the first without the knowledge of any one, and the second was in answer to a letter dated the same day, the 26th, which he received from the political Secretary, saying that it was necessary for him to write to the Consul, D. Carlos de Espana, ratifying the declaration that he had come of his own free will, and that he had no difficulty in writing such a letter. Being asked why he said in his letter to Senor Campbell that he was taken away from New Orleans under a false order from the Recorder of the Second Municipality, said: "That being overcome by the fear which possessed him when he wrote said letter, he put in it the first thing that occurred to him." Being asked if while on board the Mary Ellen, he told the Captain what motive brought him to Havana said, "That the Captain was the only one except the steward, of the whole crew who spoke Spanish; and that he told the latter that the object of his trip was to obtain some money which was coming to him."

At this time, at the suggestion of his Excellency, deponent took oath in due form, and having read the foregoing declared that he ratified it in all its parts, as being conformable with truth, and signed it accordingly, together with the witnesses, his Excellency the Captain General, and the Assessor. (Signed) JUAN GARCIA.

General Intelligence.

Invasion of Cuba.—Senor A. Calderon de la Barca, Spanish consul at Washington, has sent a despatch, we learn from the *Boston Herald*, to the vice consul at that place, ordering him to obtain every information possible of the existence of any organization of men or magazine of arms, destined for the threatened invasion of Cuba, as mentioned in the President's proclamation.

The vice consul in his reply stated that there did, last winter, exist a large force of men and arms in that city, composed almost entirely of Irishmen, and regularly drilled by experienced officers, who were destined for an attack on Canada, so as to create a diversion in favour of Ireland, in case the Irish rebellion should come to a head; but that since the failure of the rebellion, the troops had been disbanded and the object discontinued. Since then no military organization whatever has existed here for foreign purposes.

"Hon. W. H. Gwin, formerly of Mississippi, but now of California, has written to his friends in New Orleans, that the people of California will promptly organize a State government and exclude Slavery by an overwhelming majority."

We would be satisfied if the *Boston Post* would give its authority for making the above statement. We have read all the letters of Mr Gwin, which have been in the public prints, and we take it upon ourselves to say, that he has written no such thing in any of them.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Murrel Gang in Washington County.—The *Texas Ranger* of the 10th inst. contains the confession of A. J. Grigg, one of the gang of thieves whom the citizens, (where their operations have been principally carried on) have determined in exterminating or otherwise stopping their infamous career. The confession exhibits an organized or systematic plan of procedure as well calculated to accomplish the nefarious ends of the band as to escape the penalties of law and justice in case of detection. The published names of those connected with the gang are: Rev. Nathan Shook of Crockett; Judge Kelson or Kerson, living somewhere on the Guadalupe River; Orlando Sapp, Lewis Boren, Bill Short, Wm. Hewitt, George Carnine, James Cox, Nathaniel Greer, James McLaughlin, James Crook, D. D. Richey and a man named Agery. The latter controlled a mint, located above Brownville, on the Rio Grande, but which none of the others were acquainted with. Agery supplied his accomplices with the spurious coin for 50 cents on the dollar in good money, at the Star Hotel in this city, which establishment, according to Grigg's confession, he had rented, and Bill Short was to be proprietor. Agery paid $200 in good money for each negro delivered to him, or $400 in spurious coin. Passing counterfeit money, stealing negroes, cattle and other property, were the principle branches of business followed by this extensive association. A correspondent of the *Ranger* says, the number of negroes stolen from the Counties named is very considerable. Two of the gang Short and McLaughlin, were tried for murder in 1848, but by means of their associates on the Jury, got clear, and afterward boasted that they had followed one of the State's witnesses to take his life for giving evidence against them, which, it is thought, they succeeded in doing. The same correspondent says the gang is composed of Ministers of the Gospel, Merchants, Lawyers, Farmers and Traders, and also some editors of newspapers are inculpated, as having aided by their advice and support.—*Galveston (Texas) News.*

Statistics of Cuba.—This island is 624 miles in extreme length, with a width varying from 22 to 117 miles, and covers an area of 37,000 square miles, being about the size of the State of Maine. It contains a population, at the present time, of 1,400,000; of which about 610 000 are whites, 190 000 are free coloured, and 600,000 slaves. Its imports in 1847 were $32 389,119 of which $7,049 975 were from the United States. Its exports during the same period were $27,998,770, of which $12,394,876, were to the United States. In 1847 the number of arrivals at its ports, was 3740, and the number of clearances 3346. Its principal harbours are the finest in the world. The amount of American tonnage employed in the trade with Cuba is 476,773 tons. It has 195 miles of railroad, completed and in successful operation, and 61 miles in course of construction. It is well watered by numerous rivers, and its surface except in the central portion of the island, diversified with mountains. Only two-fifths of its surface are cultivated. Of the remaining three-fifths, now unused, one is probably worthless, leaving one-half of its agricultural resources undeveloped. The climate is so genial, that it yields two crops a year of many of its productions. It also abounds in materials for manufacturing purposes, and its mountains contain mines of copper which are worked to considerable advantage.

The Cuban Expedition.—The *Mobile Herald and Tribune* of the 23d, speaking in relation to the rendevous of a large band of suspicious characters at Round Island, opposite Pascagoula, says: "Nothing is known here to the public, except that some 400 or 500 men have been rendevoused upon Round Island. It is understood also, that they are entirely without arms and ammunition, and our last information represented them as almost destitute of provisions, so much so, indeed, that they have killed all the cattle on that and the neighbouring island, and had forcibly taken all the stores from the light-house keeper. At Pascagoula, it was feared they would become still more lawless, and in their extremity of hunger, ravage the coast So far as we can learn, the men themselves are totally ignorant of their destination. Upon enrollment, they were paid $20 each, with a promise of an additional bounty and at the termination of the expedition, are to receive $1,000 each. This is the current report hereabouts.

There is, without doubt, something in the wind, and the Government is probably in possession of the leading facts; at least, we infer so from the promptness with which it has moved to counteract the project, whatever it may be. The U. S. sloop of war Albany, Lt. Ridgley, commander, arrived off Pascagoula on Tuesday afternoon, to keep a watch on the movements of these men. Other vessels of the Gulf squadron were, we learn, detailed for the same service, but they had sailed from Pensacola before the orders reached there."

The Secret Expedition.—Last evening, [31st.] an adjourned meeting was held at Lafayette Hall, Broadway, in reference to the secret expedition to—God knows where. Owing, no doubt to the rain, the meeting was not so well attended as some of the other meetings; but still there was considerable interest shown, and most of those who were present were the young and enthusiastic, with, of course, a little sprinkling of older heads. The meeting was addressed by Captain Warlike, who thanked them for their attendance that evening, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. It proved how strong an interest they took in the expedition. He regretted that owing to some delay in the fitting up of the machinery of the steamer, the expedition would not be ready to sail to-morrow evening as he expected. The vessel would not be ready till after Tuesday, and they would meet, therefore, on Tuesday evening, at half-past 6 o'clock. In reply to questions put to him as to the destination of the expedition, he said on Tuesday evening he would make revelations of which, for their sakes and for his own, he would not speak more explicitly now. Suffice it to say that as every man would have his musket with him, he and those friends who acted with him would have to answer with their lives, if they deceived him; for they would be entirely in their power. He then called upon all who belonged to the Second Division to go to the other end of the room, as an officer would have something to say to them. A considerable number did so, and some gentlemen held secret converse with them.—There appeared to be several gentlemen in the room who were in the secret and were either agents or officers; but the great bulk of the adventurers do not yet know, nor can any one uninitiated in the mystery tell whether the expedition is for Cuba, Mexico, Lower California, (to hunt for gold), or the kingdom of the Mosquitoes, or the island which Robinson Crusoe made famous. One thing, however, we have heard, and that is, that a considerable number of those who are going out believe they are destined for California, while others have made up their minds, when they get fairly to sea, to create a destiny for themselves, by raising a mutiny, and bringing the ship to the land of gold, whether the commanders will or not. It is stated that a part of the expedition had already sailed. We must not omit to mention that, in reply to inquiries Colonel Danger stated that those who embarked in the enterprise, would receive, besides rations, eight dollars per month, and one thousand dollars for their services at the end of the year.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Suspicious Military Enterprises.—We suppose it must now be admitted that there are in course of preparation in this city, New Orleans, Baltimore and Philadelphia, secret military expeditions, of which the objects are kept concealed. New York and New Orleans are the two points at which these preparations are going on with the gr eatest activity and upon the largest scale. In this city, meetings are held every other night at Lafayette Hall, in Broadway, which are largely attended by young men of that class who are usually most ready for any adventure that promises movement, no matter in what direction, or for what purpose. One of the gentlemen who is foremost in guiding the proceedings in these meetings is very well known at Washington, where his father holds a prominent position, and the gentleman himself has been, within a year, a United States Consul, in one of the islands of the West Indies, a post which, it is commonly reported, he resigned in order to engage in this enterprise. At the last meeting, on Monday evening, he stated, as one of the leaders of the projected expedition, that those who had signed the engagement to take part in it, might consider that their pay had commenced the week previous, and that all things would be prepared for their departure in the course of the present week. He said that the expedition was to be one of danger and hardship; that, after a long sea-voyage, the adventurers would have to contend with a people nearly as savage, and much more cunning and treacherous than Indians, &c. &c. How many had signed the articles of agreement our informant did not ascertain. So far the affair has gone in this city. At Round Island, near New Orleans, the papers state, that there is an encampment of three hundred men, who are engaged in the same undertaking with those in this city, whose proceedings are above referred to. There is evidence, that in Baltimore, also, enlistments of men have been made by the parties concerned in this movement. The promise of compensation held out to recruits is $7 per month, and a bounty, payable at the end of the year, of $1,000. The offer is a tempting one, and dazzled by the magnificence of the promise and the mystery which is judiciously thrown round the enterprise, many will probably close with the terms, without looking very carefully into the security.—*Post.*

$200 REWARD.—RAN AWAY from the subscriber on the 23d of June last, a bright mulatto woman named JULIA, about 25 years of age. She is of common size, nearly white, and very likely. She is a good seamstress and can read a little. She may attempt to pass for white, dresses fine. She took with her ANNA, her child, eight or nine years old, and considerable darker than her mother. Her husband is black, and known as Charles Hough the fiddler, and belongs to the Messrs. Sloans, of this place. Julia and child are probably lurking about town or vicinity, or she may attempt to get to a free State. She once belonged to a Mr. Helm of Columbia, Tennessee.

I will give a reward of $50 for said Negro and child, if delivered to me or confined in any jail, so I can get them. $100 if caught in any other slave State and confined in a jail so that I get them, and $200 if caught in any free State and put in any good jail in Kentucky or Tennessee, so I can get them. A. W. JOHNSON.

Nashville, July 9, 1849.—*Nashville Banner.*

The signer of the above is a cousin of ours, whom we have not seen since 1840. He is a leading member of the Methodist Church, and his house is often the home of its Bishops and ministers. He was a member of the Committee appointed by the citizens of Nashville to flog Amos Dresser in 1835. We hope that Julia, the 'very likely, bright mulatto woman,' with her daughter 'Anna,' were never recovered by their master, but with Charles Hough, the fiddler,' are now in the full enjoyment of their liberty.—*Bugle.*

James G. Birney has had the cholera, but is recovering.

Remarkable Advertisement.—A New Orleans paper advertises for sale one "undivided half of a negro."

Mrs. Mary Mitchell, the wife of John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, came passenger in the ship Hibernia at Philadelphia. She is accompanied by her two daughters and is on her way to join her brother-in-law, in Washington, who we believe holds office under the federal government.

Mr Clay and the Wilmot Proviso.—The *Louisville Chronicle*, of the 17th. states that the two Whig Representatives from Christian county, the one from Montgomery, and the one from Scott, are pledged to vote for instructions to Messrs. Clay and Underwood, to vote against the Wilmot Proviso or to resign their seats in the Senate.

Birth Day of John Howard.—It is an encouraging "sign of the times," that the birthday of that eminent philanthropist John Howard, is to be celebrated in this city. The warriors and men of blood have had their day of glorification. Let us hope that a better era is soon to dawn, when the heroism of a Howard will soon be placed as high above that of the successful soldier as moral is above physical courage. It will be seen from the advertisement in our columns, that an adjourned meeting is to be held on Friday to make arrangements for the due celebration of Howard's birth day.—*Boston Transcript.*

Foreign Intelligence.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

We take the following summary of the news received by the *Caledonia*, from the London Daily News:—

Our statement of the position and prospects of the contending armies in Hungary has been fully borne out. Paskiewitch, who made a desperate effort to reopen his communications with Salicia or the Bukowina, has found himself cut off from all co-operation with Haynau, and is now in all probability in full flight for Poland.

It appears from a readable Russian bulletin, that Paskiewitch made on the 25th ult. a desperate attempt to cross the Theiss, at Tisza Fured; but that, although he reports himself victorious, yet he transferred his head-quarters to Kapolna. From Kapolna he would seem, with the aid of Sacken, to have reached Debreczin. This was, in fact, a retreat to the north; and as Georgey's corps occupied the fall of the hills intercepting the roads to Gomor and Kashau, as well as covering the fords of the Theiss, it is not likely that this junction has been permitted by the Hungarians, but that various encounters and privations have nearly destroyed the Russian army. The news of a pitched battle which Count Orloff is said to have brought to Vienna may still be correct, since, no doubt, efforts were made from Galicia to extricate the field-marshal from his danger. If the reported defeat be confirmed, the result of the congress at Warsaw may be anticipated; for the Czar must lose no time in covering his own dominions, if not already too late. He will, therefore, have no ear for Schwarzenberg's begging, or for more ambitious projects from Paris; and the weight in the balance of power will be transferred from the Austrian and Russian courts to the people of Hungary and Poland. We may then expect something like a reasonable settlement of Europe, which the maniacs who have too long held the reins of power would not allow. Vienna and Cracow are almost without garrisons, and both cities completely at the mercy of the armies that shall command the open country. The position of Marshal Haynau, near Szegedin, with his communications on all sides cut off, with no prospect of aid except from the weak corps of Nugent, which has hitherto covered the frontier of Styria, is equally desperate with that of Paskiewitch. It does not require any great cunning to foretel the fate of the Austrian main army, when Georgey shall have disposed of Paskiewitch. But what strong hand is to collect the scattered fragments of Austria is as yet a secret veiled by fate.

In Prussia, the assembly of the Chambers and the ministerial exposition in the shape of a royal message give a hope that Prussia at least has adopted a definite plan of action. Notwithstanding the public disclaimer, it is well known financial difficulties have had a great deal to do with this early meeting, and it is even hinted that capitalists have refused to treat for a loan to be guaranteed by the deputies from a minority of the nation. The ministerial majorities in the present Chamber are all vitiated by the law of election octroyed by the King. Still, if the proceedings be fair and the demands of the Minister reasonable, Prussia has yet a good chance of the leadership in Germany as opposed to Austria. The vicinity of Russia puts all other candidates for empire hors de combat. The Archduke John was expected to resume his pageant as Vicar-General, at Frankfort, on the 25th instant. He is to be supported by Bavaria. At Munich great dissatisfaction reigned on the incorporation of the principalities of Sigmaringen and Hechingen into Prussia.

The open game played by the French President is also a failure. The anniversary of the fete of Napoleon has passed without bringing him a crown. Happily at the present day, although crowns are still to be had, yet those who obtain them must modestly veil their ambition under the pretext of public services. Such, however, the President of the French Republic has not to show. His part has been a passive one, and only in playing that part can he be further useful. He has no originality of thought, or, if he has, the power of carrying out his ideas in action fails him. It is so best for France and for the world; and it is to be hoped that the natural current of events will be allowed its course unhindered by the wiles of diplomacy.

In the same manner it may be hoped that the visit of a near relative of the Czar, at a moment when a congress is assembled at which England is not represented, will not be permitted to inveigle us to consent to any arbitrary arrangements respecting Poland, that country being on the eve of making the arrangement which best suits itself. We trust that the £190,000 of Russian gold, so ostentatiously announced in the City article of the *Times*, as allowed by special permission to be reported, will conduce to the discovery of no startling "fact." We also trust that the bland speeches of a Prince of some talent, and whose name inspires some sentimental interest, will be powerless before the protests of the English people recorded in their public meetings. Let the peoples of Europe choose each its ruler and form of government, but let that choice be free, and neither Russian, French, nor English bayonets prescribe to any how they shall vote.

In Italy, from Turin to Naples, public opinion is outspoken. The Sardinian King has made peace with Austria almost in defiance of his Chambers, and under French coercion. The exceptions now publicly made to the amnesty granted by Austria to the Lombards are the best refutation of the old woman's cry, by which, in England, the tyrannous proceedings of the Austrian camarilla are mantled. Instead of Red Republicans, we have the heads of the richest and noblest houses of Northern Italy honoured with an exceptional proscription.

But lest Venice should effect what Rome failed to do, and form a nucleus for the patriots still determined to throw off the yoke of foreigners, the French are again set in motion, and, strangely enough, by the Church, to interfere, and, under pretence of saving, to destroy the independence of the Adriatic Queen. England will surely not look on idly at a second expedition like that to Rome. In Rome the feelings of the population towards their invaders cannot be mistaken. There, too, the absurdity of Red Republican visions has been fully exposed. During the whole popular reign in various parts of Italy not one tithe of the excesses, but especially no bloodshed, occurred; whereas, since the occupation of Leghorn by the Austrians, the butchery of respectable citizens has been carried on wholesale. The very latest accounts bring intelligence of the execution of a respected priest at Bologna—a proceeding which must prove revolting even to the French. It is, however, no secret that two parties are now contending for supremacy in the church of Rome; and it would seem as if that now victorious, mistrusted the duration of its powers.

FRANCE.—VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO HAVRE.—The departure of the President from Rouen on Saturday was postponed from eight to ten, in consequence of indisposition. Previously to starting, the President went to the chapel of the archbishop's palace to hear mass. Amongst the persons who accompanied him were M. Odilon Barrot and M. de Tocqueville, who had arrived from Paris the preceeding evening. On leaving the archbishop's palace, the President went to the railroad station, where he was received by the Council-General and an immense assemblage, who shouted repeatedly "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive le President!" At the Graville station the President was received by all the civil and military functionaries of Havre and the adjacent towns. Notwithstanding his fatigue, he got on horseback and rode through the communes of Graville and Ingouville into Havre. At Ingouville the clergy were waiting under a magnificent canopy, and the sides of the road were lined with National Guards. On entering Havre the President was met by the clergy, and at least fifty thousand persons had assembled to receive him. The windows of the houses were hung with flags and garlands, and the streets displayed a double row of trees from greenhouses, placed there by the inhabitants. The shouts of "Vive Napoleon!" were loud and general during the whole of the procession. This was also the case at a review of the National Guards. At nine the President, having sufficiently recovered to be able to go to the banquet given by the town in honour of his visit, all the foreign consuls resident at Havre came to the Hotel de Ville in uniform to escort him. The dinner, which was for 450 persons, took place in the Salle du Musee. The seat of the President was in the centre, between the first deputy Mayor and the Minister of Commerce; M. Odilon Barrot on the right, and M. de Tocqueville on the left, of the President. The arrival of the President was hailed by cries of "Vive Napoleon!" The first toast was proposed by M. Bertin, performing the functions of mayor in the following terms:

"To drink to the health of the President is at once to express a desire for his happiness and glory, and also for the happiness of the country. Your manifestos, your messages, your writings, show us that you have constantly this noble end in view, and that you comprehend that the true, the greatest, glory of those who govern is in the happiness of those who are governed. You say with us, "Assez de revolutions!" France has, for sixty years and more made political experiments which exhaust and demoralize her. It is time for her to stop. You have guaranteed to us that insurrections have no chance of success. We hope so. You will not suffer, either, that any political party should attempt an impossible dynastic insurrection. Be the first regular founder of the French Republic. Let the love of France be your crown, and your glory will be eternal Long live the President of the Republic!"

The President rose and said:

"I regret exceedingly, gentlemen, not being able to thank you as I could wish for your kind reception. Permit me, in a few words, to propose as a toast 'The town of Havre and the prosperity of its commerce.' The population of this town will be convinced every day, more and more, that there is no prosperity for commerce without order and stability. No, without order and stability there can be no public prosperity. Gentlemen, I drink to the town of Havre."

This short speech was received with loud cheers.

At night there was a display of fireworks, and the Basin of Commerce was splendidly illuminated. A subscription-ball took place at the theatre. The centre box was reserved for the President of the Republic who had been invited. When he entered his box he was received with loud and warm acclamations. It was estimated at Havre that during the day not less than 400,000 persons had entered the town from the surrounding districts.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

The French Legitimists are preparing a great demonstration in favour of Henry V. which is to come off at Ems. It is said that a great number of the leaders of that party are preparing to make a pilgrimage to that celebrated watering-place, similar to the celebrated pilgrimage to Belgrave-square. The pretext on which this Bourbonist demonstration is to be made is that of presenting a case of pistols to his Royal Highness, or, as they call him, "his Majesty." For some time past a penny subscription has been going on in Paris and the neighborhood, the result of which is the purchase of the pistols in question. The day for the commencement of the pilgrimage is not yet fixed, but it is supposed that it will be immediately after the arrival of the Duke of Bordeaux at Ems. At present his Royal Highness is at Hanover, on a visit to the ex-Duke of Cumberland. The Duchess has already arrived at Ems.

The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a long letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject of Venice. The reverend prelate expresses his disinclination to meddle in the temporal affairs of nations, but says that he considers the case of Venice a question of justice, of humanity, and of civilization.

The judicial examination of the case of M. Pierre Bonaparte is terminated. By an order of the Chamber of Council, that representative is sent before the correctional police, under charge of assault.

SPAIN.—Our accounts from Madrid are of the 7th inst. General Navaez was expected on the 8th, so that the Ministerial crisis would soon be terminated. The Minister of the Interior had arrived from La Granja to receive his friend the President of the Counsil, and it was believed that, if M. Mon vacated his seat in the Cabinet, General Navaez would assume the direction of the financial department. M. Pinal, in that case, would likewise quit the Ministry. It was reported that General Cordova would be succeeded in the command of the expedition to Italy by General O'Donnell. The disgrace of General Cordova is ascribed to a difference between him and M. Martinez de la Rosa and General Oudinot, in which the Spanish Government decided against him. According to another report, the command of the troops about to be sent against the Moors of the Riff would be confided to General Villareal, the celebrated Carlist chief.

At Tarragona, however, certain precautions were taken by the military authorities in case of any outbreak taking place. Several pieces of artillery were stationed in the town, so as to command the quarter where the prisoners sentenced to hard labour for life are kept confined; as also several other important points. The project of law relative to the Basque Provinces, presented for the consideration of the Cabinet by the Minister of Finance, has only reference to the system of taxation in that part of Spain. By the provisions of the new bill the provinces will have to pay in the same manner as the other parts of Spain.

THE GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.—The *Carlsruhe Zeitung* of the 7th announces the condemnation by court-martial, and the execution, of some of the leaders of the Baden insurrection. The names of the men who thus expiated their errors by an untimely end are: Corvin-Wierbitzki; Major Biedenfeld, a Baden officer on half-pay; and Elsenhaus, a Radical writer and editor of the *Rastadt Siege Gazette.*

The *Carlsruhe Zeitung* announces the execution of the insurgent chief, Major Heilig, who was tried by court-martial on the 10th and shot at Rastadt on the 11th instant.

A letter from Rastadt announces that Tiedeman, the insurgent governor of that fortress, was executed there on Saturday last.

PIEDMONT.—A letter from Turin of the 8th instant, states:—"Yesterday the President of the Council, M. Maxime d'Azeglio, announced to both Chambers that peace was concluded with Austria. The deputies received the communication in deep silence, and the Senators with satisfaction.

A letter from Ferrara of the 6th, published by the *Statuto* of Florence, states that there is great uncertainty in the reports about Garibaldi. Some say he re-embarked at La Mesola, with his wife and thirty followers, and reached Venice; others believe he has been arrested. The *Milan Gazette* of the 10th is perfectly silent on the subject.

THE PAPAL STATES.—The extraordinary Pontifical Commissioner for, the four Legations published a notification at Bologna on the 7th, stating that, the Chamber of Commerce having represented the distressing position of the merchants of that city in consequence of late events, he has thought fit to order that all protests for bills falling due up to the 17th instant, within the four provinces be suspended till the 18th instant, on condition that the debtors pay the mercantile interest of the days they have been respited.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.—The Copenhagen papers contain the following proclamation from the King.

"TO MY FAITHFUL JUTLANDERS.

"My paternal wish is completed. Jutland is at length released from those insurrectionary bands; it is liberated from those hostile armies which have so long desolated these lands. I have returned my hearty thanks to the true and faithful God who has held out his hand over Denmark; I have returned my thanks to my valiant soldiers who have heartily defended the honour of their King and country. You also, my faithful Jutlanders, have a claim upon my gratitude. I thank you for the patience and fortitude and invincible confidence in the justness of our cause, with which, during this year as well as the last, you endured all the hardships of war. It was not for yourselves alone that you suffered and endured; it was for the whole of Denmark; yes, and the whole Danish nation suffered with you; and I am assured that my people earnestly desire to testify by deed their sentiments for their Jutland brethren. It is, therefore, my intention to lay before the Diet, which will be convoked this year, a project of law relative to an indemnity for the losses incurred by you, and imposing them upon all the citizens of the nation. The necessary preliminary steps have already been taken, and I have no doubt that the Diet will assent unanimously that your loss shall be the loss of the entire nation. Your King greets you. Be of good courage, and hold fast with me to the conviction that the severe trials with which it has pleased the Almighty to visit us will, if rightly received, bear rich fruits for the future welfare of our native land.

"FREDERICK.

"Friederichsburg, July 29, 1849. "A. W. MOLTKE."

The Government of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, assured it would receive no support in any attempted resistance to the armistice with Denmark, has, though with an ill grace, at last accepted it.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—Vienna papers and letters inform us of the continued and painful interest felt at Vienna on the subject of the late successes of the Hungarians. The occupation of Raab is considered a terrible blow for the Austrians; indeed, as time wears on, the details of the loss which they suffered in that affair come to light. All the artillery at Aatsh and Motsha was taken by the Hungarians, who took four batteries to Komorn, and spiked the rest. One battalion of the Regiment Mazucchelli was captured, 40,000 cwt. of copper money, 50,000 uniforms, and 100,000 cwt. of flour were taken in Raab, and at Gyonyo the Hungarians took five vessels loaded with corn and with 17 cwt. of gunpowder. Near the city of Galanthæ the Hungarians intercepted a Russian transport with 30,000 recrimentals. The principal engagement in this affair took place at Aatsh, where General Klapka, with 8000 men, attacked the Imperialists, who mustered 5000 and who had five batteries of 18-pounders. It is now stated as a fact, that the corps of Klapka and Aulich have joined at Raab. The Russians have sent 20,000 men under General Osten-Sacken to punish the Hungarians for their temerity, while 10,000 Austrians are approaching from Altenburg for the same purpose.

The *Kolner Zeitung* confirms our doubts of the truth of the statements, according to which Georgey is asserted to have crossed the Theiss. That paper asserts that General Georgey has taken up a position between Erlau and Mishkolz, and that the Russian General Osten-Sacken, with his reserves, stood on the 30th ult. to the south of Kaschau. The occupation of Szegedin by General Haynau is fully confirmed by the corresponding statements of our own advices, and of those of all the German papers. All Kanisha, too, has been occupied by the Imperialists.

The Austrian Premier, Prince Schwarzenberg, set out for Warsaw on the 6th inst. on a visit to his Majesty the Czar, for the purpose of consulting with his Russian Majesty on the steps to be taken.

Of the Ban's operations nothing was known at Vienna; and the movements of Prince Paskiewitch were equally shrouded from the vulgar gaze. On the other hand, news has arrived of a pitched battle which General Haynau fought on the 3d inst. against the Hungarian army under Messaros and Denbinski, in which the Austrian General crossed the Theiss at Szegedin, and, attacking the intrenched camp of the Hungarians, compelled them to consult their safety by a wild flight. The joy which this news was calculated to cause at Vienna was considerably lessened by the reflection that the "wild flights" of the Hungarians are sometimes very dangerous to their enemies. In the present instance two Imperialist generals, Benedek and Cordon, were among the wounded.

Official news from Jassy has reached Vienna of the position of the Hungarian army which entered Moldavia by the defiles of Oitosh. The report is printed in the *Weiner Zeitung:* it states that the outposts of the insurgents in Moldavia are at Bakau, and that General Bem has his head-quarters at Okna. It is asserted that the Moldavians avoid all intercourse with the rebels, whom the Russian General Moller was preparing to attack. The Turkish Commissioner, Faud Effendi, has sent an envoy from Bucharest, summoning the insurgents to quit the Turkish territory. Since that time the Hungarian army has advanced to Roman, on the road to Jassy.

CONGRESS AT WARSAW.—General Lamoriciere arrived at Warsaw on the 7th, and was received on the following day with great pomp by the Emperor. The French envoy is lodged in apartments, fitted up for him by the Emperor's orders, at the Bruhl Palace, where the Austrian Ambassador, Count Buhl Schanenstein, is also lodged.

Died

In Schenectady, N. Y. Rev. Dr. JOHN AUSTIN YATES, late Professor of Modern Languages in Union College.

In Princeton, New Jersey, August 11, ALEXANDER CARSON DE SANDRANS, Professor of Modern Languages in Princeton College.

On the 23d ultimo, of consumption, at his residence Newtown, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, EDWARD HICKS, aged 69 years, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends.

In Lynchburg, Virginia, August 17, very suddenly, Mrs. HANNAH H. ELLISON, 23, wife of Andrew Ellison, Jr. and daughter of Dr. Ned Cushing, of Hingham.

In Quincy, Illinois, August 12, of cholera, Mrs. PATIENCE WARD, wife of Mr. Artemas Ward, aged 56; also, 13th, of cholera, Mr. ARTEMAS WARD, aged 56, formerly of Newton, Massachusetts.

At Plattsville, Wisconsin, August 20th, POCAHONTAS, infant daughter of the Rev. George Copway, (Kah-ge-ga-hah-bowh) the Indian Chief, aged 2 years and 6 months.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS,

For the A. S. Standard from Aug. 1st to Sept. 1st.

521	E. Wood, Uxbridge, Mass.	$2
481	J. V. Pailing, New York City,	1
484	S. Bartlett, Fort Covington, N. Y.	2
530	Elizabeth Coffin, Milton, N. Y.	2
504	D. W. Woolsey, "	1
504	John W. Hardcourt, "	1
504	Geo. Hallock, "	1
530	Sarah Muir, "	2
468	Elizabeth W. Williams, Boston, Mass.	2
478	A. J. Barrier, Brockport, N. Y.	1
556	A. Weller, Skeneatlas, N. Y.	2
530	Phebe Hull, Milton, N. Y.	2
504	Mathew Farrington, Wappinger's Creek, N. Y.	1
504	Stephen Massy, "	1
504	Joseph H. Cunningham, "	1
505	E. Belknap, Hopkinton, Mass.	1
456	Wm. Bradford, New Milford, Pa.	1
539	N. Grove, Richmond, Ia.	2
479	J. F. Smally, Randolph, O.	2
521	D. Hughes, Hampton, Conn.	2
519	F. A. Ware, Albany, N. Y.	2
519	John M. Deguoy, New York City,	2
532	Wm. Miller, Milton, N. Y.	2
532	Reuben Haight, Hartsvillage, N. Y.	2
506	Thomas Hqward, Washington, N. Y.	1
401	S. Campbell, Atwater, O.	1
506	Isaac G. Sands, Standfordville, N. Y	1
506	Henry Vail, "	1
532	Alvah Bushnell, "	2
506	Ethan G. Ryder, "	1
506	Robert Donaldson, "	1
532	James Justice, "	1 50
506	J. Fowler, New York City,	1
469	Lincoln Thaxter, Portsmouth, N. H.	2
485	J. S. Patrick, Williamson, N. Y.	2
480	A. S. White, Keene, N. H.	3
508	Geo. Smith, Pine Plains, N. Y.	1
508	Joshua Rodgers, "	1
477	S. Anthony, Williamson, N. Y.	2
547	J. P. Hambleton, Calcutta, O.	5
482	E. P. Ward, Penfield, N. Y.	2
517	Catharine Leach, Sherman, Conn.	2
508	H. Tallmadge, Standfordville, N. Y.	1
	Total,	$69,50

DONATIONS,

For the A. A. S. Society.

Massachusetts A. S. Society,	$200,00
C. of Canton, Mass.	15,00
S. G. Andrews, Bradford, Mass.	3,00
Austin Flint, Leicester, Mass.	3,00
A "Friend,"	1,00
Total,	$222,00

Mr. Flint's Donation was, by Mistake, credited to the Standard in the acknowledgements of Aug. 2. The Donation of $15 credited to Allan Agnew should have been divided as follows:

Allan Agnew,	$5
Eliza Agnew,	5
Emmor Pierson,	5

Miscellany.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

The Duke of Reichstadt, as every body knows who is familiar with the history of Napoleon, was brought up at the Court of his grandfather, after the abdication of his father, and the return of his mother, Maria Louisa, to Austria. The story of his life, as it is told in an article entitled "The Bonaparte Family" in a late number of the *North British Review* can hardly fail to be read with deep interest:

—Only three years of age, when he came with his mother to reside at Schonbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions travelling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather the Emperor, as well as by all the other members of the Royal family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for the Italian States he was committed to the care of various masters under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned; his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole dull, grave and mirthless; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of its connection with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose busts and portraits he could still see; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now living shut up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. The thought of his father became the boy's single passion; and when he could no longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell him anything about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. At last, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics; concealing from him nothing, says M. de Montbel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was to be reprehended. Perplexed by such lessons in history according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very books that his father had liked, such as Tasso and Ossian, became for that reason his favourites. His father's campaigns and dispatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as the texts for his own military lessons. In short before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or his political life, the names of his generals his chief battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that where amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world, the unconscious heir to a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety, respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the owner of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appears to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what in his case would be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, *was* the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioneer, in the meantime, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (his mother's second marriage in 1818 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) doomed to inactivity by the very misfortunes of too great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear by some such feeling and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of activity that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last after going through the grades, he was permitted by his grandfather to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel; his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged: to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. "I know no one at Paris," he said to a French officer that was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, "but salute for me the column in the Place Vendome." On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown in the city that he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue? "Absent as he was," says Louis Blanc, "if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, when Lafitte and Guizot were chaffering for the Duc d'Orleans, France might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis-Philippe." Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris, one Bonapartist, who came to a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously locked up in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself. When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested it is said, in the flutter of the moment to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis Phillipe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing place where she seemed to have been waiting, and taking his hand pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. "May I not kiss," she said, "the hand of my sovereign's son?" and immediately disappeared. For some time, the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camerata, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to assume a decided part. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations in which he stood to France. Only once did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother's state of Parma. When the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother's assistance; but neither on this occasion could his wish be granted.

From the very first indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly, though still handsome young man, the constant care of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831, he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercises, and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year, and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schonbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to remove him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress, that before that time, the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-balcony, overlooking the garden of Schonbrunn.—Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria-Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, and in the very room that had been occupied by his father on his famous visit to Schonbrunn, that he breathed his last. Some days after, there was a funeral procession through the streets of Vienna, and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults. The people of Vienna showed much feeling on the occasion; the cholera had just been thinning their own households.

The following political *jeu d'esprit* is, as the saying is, too good to be lost, though too late for prophecy, and not altogether true as his history. It was first published in the *Geneva Courier*, before of course, the recent Democratic Conventions at Rome, but did not come within our field of observation till a few days since:

GREAT NOVELTY.

To be performed on Wednesday, 15th instant, at Rome, a Tragi-comedy, called

THE SPLIT SPLICED,

with divers performers, whose names will appear in the bills. The performances will commence with an overture by the orchestra, of the

"VAN BUREN DEAD MARCH,"

composed some six months since by Edwin Croswell. Front seats are reserved for the *elite* of the Kinderhook Democracy.

N. B.—No seats for coloured citizens.

Rome. A Room in the Hotel. Enter CROSWELL *and* MARCY.

Marcy.—Welcome, dear Croswell, to my fond embrace.
How ardently I've longed to meet you here,
That in close conclave we together might
Bewail the woes which, like a mighty flood,
Have all our hopes and prospects overwhelmed:
Discuss the causes, of this sad event,
And, gathering wisdom from our late mishaps,
Contrive by what means we may best avert
Our final doom; how save our sinking ship,
Which, like a foundered craft, now floats at large,
Broken and rotten, on the swelling wave
And angry tide of Whig ascendency.

Croswell.—Are both the sections of our party here?

Marcy.—Leaders and wire-pullers, are here in scores.
The people strangely seem to keep aloof,
Which is perhaps the better for our cause.

Croswell.—How seem *their* leaders to affect this move?

Marcy.—I've sounded some of them, but yet far off,
Lest too plain speaking might commit our cause;
And I can say, in all sincerity,
They rue their movement, and deplore its end;
And now, like whipped spaniels, they implore
A re-admission to the sacred fold
Of our time-honoured Locofoco flock.
The want of office galls them to the quick,
But yet they fear the people. Captious tongues
May charge their course with inconsistency,
If, after battling Hunkers to the death,
They turn short round and clasp them in their arms;
Therefore they say they need some salvo here
To bolster up their honour to their friends—
Some captious resolution, quaintly drawn,
Which, while it reads Free Soil, may still be turned,
By skilful rhetoric to its opposite,
And thus be made to justify whate'er
Old Hunkerdom in future may devise.

Croswell.—I'll have no resolution which shall bind
The Loco party to that cursed creed,
And make us bow our necks and take the yoke
To drag the car of Abolitionism
Throughout the length and breadth of this great State.
But, if a resolution can be drawn
Which keeps the word of promise to the ear
And breaks it to the hope, I know no man
Whose skill and practice can in aught compare
With that of Martin, now at Kinderhook.
But tell me, Marcy, how does Martin stand?

Marcy.—By consultation with our mutual friends,
And in my journey hitherward, I called
On Sunday last upon the reverend Sage.
For full four hours upon that sacred day,
Beneath the shade of thick embowering elms,
On Hudson's bank, at Lindenwald's famed seat,
We viewed this subject in its grave aspects,
Talked and re-talked it, scanned and conned it o'er,
Discussed its merits, bearings, and design,
Its means, its end, its glorious lasting fruits.

Croswell.—But what said Martin in this conference?

Marcy.—He spoke of England and the Continent,
The State of California, and its gold,
Of Santa Anna, and the Mexicans,
Of Texas, Carolina, and Calhoun,
Of Sherrod Williams' letter, and the Queen,
The Whigs and Taylor, Hungary and hay.

Croswell.—Did he commit himself to any course?

Marcy.—From all that I could hear, or see, or think, I could not tell to which side he inclined.

Croswell.—Martin is with us, mark; I know the man.
Had he declared himself on either side,
He surely would have stabbed it to the heart:
Silence and non-committalism prove him still
A Hunker true, in spirit, aim, and will.
But where is John, the sage's hopeful son?

Marcy.—He's drinking in the bar-room here below.

Croswell.—Shall we admit him to our conference?

Marcy.—I think t'were well, but first we will devise
What course we Hunkers subt'lly should pursue,
Should our repentant Barnburners come in.

Croswell.—Yet man, we'll use them to over throw the Whigs,
And then we'll keep the spoils among ourselves.
[*Rings bell.*

ENTER WAITER.

Marcy. Call in Prince John. Tell him two ancient friends
Desire his presence. Bid him come in haste.
[*Exit waiter.*

ENTER PRINCE JOHN.

Prince John.—Croswell and Marcy, two most reverend friends,
Whose aid and counsels helped my aged sire
To climb the topmost round of Fortune's ladder,
I greet you both and thank your ancient zeal;
But much it grieves me that your recent acts
Hold no proportion to your former faith—
For have you not with most relentless rage
Proscribed your friends from every place of trust,
Honour, or profit in this glorious State;
Seized all the spoils unto your greedy selves,
And used us merely as convenient tools
To fight your battles, while you seized the prey?
Have you not spurned at all our prayers and cries?
Turned us half starving from your Treasury doors?
Mocked at our sorrows, and defied our strength?
Hurled bitter taunts, and coarse and biting jests
At our forlorn and desperate estate?
And did you not to those more general wrongs
Add private griefs, to sting us into madness?
Twice cast my reverend sire overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the sea,
To swim and struggle as he could to land?
Could you have seen his venerable form
Holding unequal contest with the waves—
Could you have seen me, as with lusty arm
I drew his senseless carcase to the shore,
The classic shores of far-famed Kinderhook—
And how, with filial and untiring zeal,
I chafed his aged temples with my hands,
Plied him with brandy, rubbed and rubbed him o'er
Till his reviving sense and opening eyes
Proclaimed that Martin was himself again:
Then had you seen a sight to melt your soul,
And call the throb of mercy back again,
E'en to the dark recesses of your hearts.
Now, Croswell, forced by this most cruel war
Upon myself, my party, and my sire,
Against our prayers, our wishes and our hopes,
We have abjured our ancient covenants,
Our former acts and conduct falsified,
And marched reluctant under Freedom's flag,
To the discomfiture of ourselves and you.

Croswell.—Prince John, forbear! The saint of Sandy Hill
Proclaims that by-gones should be by-gones still:
The past is gone, the present we enjoy,
And as we this day shall our means employ,
The future shall our ancient spoils restore,
Or blast our prospects now and evermore.
If union now our mutual counsels bless,
Twill be the dawn of spoils and happiness—
E'en now, Prince John, methinks I see you stand
A Loco Minister on England's strand.

Prince John.—Could I again behold fair Albion's isle,
And gaze upon sweet England's matchless Queen;
Could I but bow before her sacred throne,
And kneeling kiss her fair imperial hand;
Could I but cocktails drink with lords and dukes,
And dance with jewelled dames at bright St. James,
Oh! then methinks this earth were Paradise,
And all the bliss of heaven could not compare,
With the bright joys and pleasures circling there.

Marcy.—Twice in the progress of that anxious strife
Which sent us all to starve in private life,
In the excitement of that fearful day,
I rent my galligaskins all away;
Unmended still those garments now remain,
What treasury now shall patch them up again?

Croswell.—Marcy, forbear, for with prophetic ken,
I see our party hopes revive again;
Visions of glory crowd my labouring brain,
And stores of plunder press, an endless train.
Lo! thro' the length and breadth of this fair land,
Rise banks on banks, and all unnumbered stand,
Rivers of stocks and dividends arise,
And three-walled houses greet my longing eyes;
Eternal discounts, in a ceaseless flood,
Shall all Canal Bank losses soon make good,
While public printing like a fattening shower,
Revives my graces which were dead before.

Prince John.—Let us join hands and altogether swear
Our mutual wants and losses to repair,
And pray to heaven to grant us all our joy,
And sanctify all means we may employ.
[*They all join hands.*

ENTER THE SAINT OF SANDY HILL.

Saint.—Sweet is the carol of the early lark,
As heavenward rising he salutes the morn;
Sweet is the music of church-going bell,
Which calls the early penitent to prayer;
Sweet are the hymns which like incense rise
To call down kindred blessings from above;
Sweet is the voice of prayer, at noon or eve,
And sweet the memories of Sandy Hill,
When stated preaching first was there proclaimed;
But sweeter far, and dearer far to me,
Are Locofocos bound in unity;
And sweeter far than all of these combined,
The spoils of office to a pious mind!

Prince John.—Waiter, the brandy! Friends, let's take a horn,
To celebrate the day our hopes were born;
Lo! here a deep libation down I pour,
In memory of this consecrated hour.
[*A row without. Exeunt omnes.*

From The Spirit of the Age.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S POEMS.

MR. EDITOR: Every one who has read Allan Cunningham's Lives of the Painters, is familiar with the interesting sketch of William Blake. Cunningham was of too worldly a bent to do do full justice to Blake's Poems. Some of these for simple an natural pathos will never be surpassed. He who reads, however, must allow the author any amount of license with respect to syntax and prosody. I enclose you one of his poems, not by any means as a fair specimen of his muse, for it is not, but for its striking humanitary strain.

THE LITTLE VAGABND.

Dear mother! dear mother! the church is cold,
But the ale-house is healthy, and pleasant, and warm;
Besides I can tell when I am used well;
Such usage in heaven will never do well

But if at the church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day,
Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

Then the parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring,
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch:

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the devil or the barrel,
But kiss him and give him both drink and apparel.

It seems to me this curious *morceau* involves much useful truth. "The Little Vagabond" evidently conceives that worship will not be spontaneous, while the stomach is empty and the back uncovered. He does not mean to say that worship will be impossible in that state of things, but only enforced or voluntary, not spontaneous. "When the lark soars and sings in the morning"—thus the ragged little philosopher reasons—"it is from the inspiration of the full crop. His song is a spontaneous gush of gratitude for the good breakfast God has given him. Line my crop, and feather my back every day like the lark's, and I will give you both a matin's and a vesper's, to which the lark's shall be no parallel."

I agree with the clear-eyed little vagabond. True worship is always spontaneous, the offspring of delight not duty; and it cannot be spontaneous so long as the native passions or susceptibilities of the worshipper are unsatisfied. Why not? Because the worship of God consists above all things in the recognition of His quality, or what is the same thing, in the hearty acknowledgment of His goodness; and this acknowledgment to be hearty must be based upon a previous *experience* of that goodness. While therefore my natural passions are only stintedly gratified—while I am daily full of unsatisfied desires—I cannot worship God for what He is in Himself, or for His infinite goodness, because my inexperience of this goodness perpetually disqualifies me. I indeed worship God intellectually at such times, but not with the heart, not from the exuberant sentiment of His perfect goodness, but chiefly from the inspiration of hope, the hope of *His possible future goodness* to me. I worship Him not for His great name's sake, but for my own little sake. All this sort of worship consequently is more or less depraved. It is stimulated by my want, not by God's fulness. It is full of servility and adoration. It is destitute of enthusiasm or spontaneity. It proceeds upon an incomplete revelation of God, a revelation to the reason but not to the senses; hence it is itself incomplete, proving often a burdensome insincerity to the flesh. Who does not know the tedium of "church," when this worship is enacting? Who does not know the slumberous mist that gradually steals over heart and mind as the old routine fulfils itself; and the demure but solid joy with which the congregation springs up to the "benediction?" for the benediction announces to the imprisoned and torpid senses a "resurrection unto life," and the cheerful alacrity with which the hat is smoothed, and the rumpled skirts shaken out, well attests to the gratefulness of the announcement.

But I had no intention of writing a commentary on poor Blake's muse. I only wish to draw your attention to the verses, with a view to suggesting the important truth with which they are fraught, namely, that we shall have no worship acceptable to God until we have that which flows from us spontaneously, or whether we will or not, having its spring in the perfect bliss of our daily sensible experience.—Y. S.

GORGEY.

I have given some account of the distinguished Hungarians, Count Teleki, M. Pultzky and Colonel Bikessy, now or lately in this country. The following particulars, furnished to me by a school-fellow of Gorgey, and for the accuracy of which, in as far as I can trust to my recollection, I can vouch, will probably prove acceptable to your readers at the moment when the General, out manœuvring both Haynau and Paskiewitch, has cut off the communications of the latter with his basis of operations, and probably placed both in a critical situation. Gorgey, (pronounced, as nearly as the sound can be rendered in our alphabet, Guergay,) may be now between two and four-and-thirty years of age. Destined by his father, one of the small landed Magyar gentry, to the career of arms, he might possibly, by proficiency in his professional studies, in which he left behind him all his competitors, have made up for deficencies of patronage and interest; but his temper was too unpliant for one so situated in such a service as the Austrian. After holding his commission a few years he found himself involved in a quarrel with his superiors; though, notwithstanding the partial severity of military discipline in these cases, the award was in his favour. Whether through disgust, or because feeling that his future promotion was barred, Gorgey retired as a lieutenant from that army whose grey-headed Generals he was one day destined so signally to discomfit.

Devoting himself now entirely to positive sciences, he repaired to Prague, where, unwilling to burthen the slender means of his father, he lived with the most rigid frugality, and studying in particular, chemistry, with untiring assiduity, under a professor of some celebrity, who, brought to acknowledge that he could teach nothing further to his pupil, distinguished him by his friendship and intimacy. This professor was married to a lady of rare fortune, whose sister and co-heiress—a young person of considerable attractions and lively imagination—conceived so romantic an attachment to the youthful student, as to make him an offer of her hand. Instead of eagerly profiting, as was expected, by this good fortune, Gorgey, thanking the lady for her flattering preference, replied, that she was too young, and had seen too little of the world to be able to judge of her own feeling toward him; but that if after a year's travel or sojourn amid the gayeties of Vienna, it was quite unchanged, he should be proud to lead her to the altar. The heiress, at the expiration of a year, returned. Piqued in her feminine pride, she still distinguished Gorgey amid her numerous suitors; but he perceiving, or suspecting, that a point of honour or obstinacy, rather than affection, prompted the fulfilment of her engagement, relieved her from it by marrying a foreign lady, highly accomplished, but without fortune and filling, if the writer remembers rightly, the situation of governess or companion in that very family.

The death of his father having taken place, Gorgey retired with his bride to his small patrimonial estate in the North of Hungary, where he was endeavouring to apply to the working of mines his scientific acquirements, when those political changes took place in Austria and Hungary which brought the opposition into power. Some office in the mint being vacant, for which Gorgey conceived himself qualified by his knowledge of mineralogy, he applied for it through a friend to Kossuth.

"Gorgey," Kossuth is said to have replied, "I have heard much of Gorgey, I cannot give him the appointment you require."

"But," persisted Gorgey's patron," "I assure you that his knowledge, talents, and political sentiments qualify him eminently for the office."

"Enough," said Kossuth, "I cannot make the nomination you desire, because I destine him for other purposes. I have long had my eye on him, and before a twelvemonth is over may want him as minister of war."

The baffled intercessor, at first conceiving that Kossuth was in jest, retired, but from this period dates the advancement of this unsuccessful candidate.

When the Hungarian army, advancing to the relief of Vienna, became convinced, on the field of Swechat, of the treachery of its general, Moga, it named Gorgey its chief by unanimous acclaim. But that appreciation by his fellow-soldiers on the battle-field, which the sequel showed to be just, Kossuth, who took a prominent part in the action, had made, as we have seen, long previously in his cabinet, and may have mainly aided.

Gorgey, who through the Hungarian war has held the most important command, and obtained together with Bem the most decisive successes, shares with Bem the reputation of being the ablest leader of the Hungarian armies. This subaltern became at once a great commander, and the conqueror of so many generals of routine, is, notwithstanding his youth, distinguished by exceeding caution, so that if results less brilliant and decisive are expected from his genius than from the adventurous impetuosity of Bem, the Hungarians intrust to him their main army, with the implicit belief that he will never throw away a chance, nor risk the fortunes of his country on the hazard of a die, however tempting.—*The (London) Standard of Freedom.*

WALTER SCOTT IN ADVERSITY.

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday the 10th of June, 1820—five months after the total ruin of his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife.

In the days of his good luck, he used to live at No. 39 in North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door, I found the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is glory obscured,) the windows shuttered up, dusty, and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board with this inscription, "To sell;" the stairs were unwashed, and not a footmark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted, the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization: and, *vice versa*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and enquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street learned that he now resided in St. David's Street, No. 6.

I was rather glad to recognize my old friend, the Abbotsford butler who answered the door—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions; and nothing we may be sure is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced, than the staunch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved, his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and like the recorded honours of Lord Chatham, "thickened over him." Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions: the Lockharts were his neighbours both in town and in Roxburgshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended, I had almost said, overpowered by company. His wife is now dead—his son-in-law and favourite daughter gone to London, and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which, perhaps, is the securest refuge for him—his eldest son is married, and, at a distance, and report speaks of no probability of the title descending; in short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those "curiosos impertinentes," drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile not to mince the matter, the great man had somehow or other, managed to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gas-makers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till at a season of distrust in money matters the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the unthrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back. But like that able navigator, he is not cast away upon a barren rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach, but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard indeed with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me, that there is a far greater distinction between, man and man, than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict, that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*,—one which he was leaning over when my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe, but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore, and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy, or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood, if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose, that among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible to hide those finer emotions deep in the heart. He immediately began conversing, in his usual style—the chief topic being Captain Denham (whom I had recently seen in London,) and his book of African Travels, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. . . . . After sitting a quarter of an hour, we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit—though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possible all the better for the discipline—better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion—and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and general.—*Basil Hall.*

From the Literary World.

HUMORS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Hitherto Unpublished.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

ELIA is so well known to the public that a description either of his person or manners would be a piece of "waste love or labour." We shall therefore merely relate the bon-mots it was either our good fortune to hear him utter, or to receive from his intimates. In justice to the memory of the great Humorist it must be always borne in mind that every word he uttered of an emphatic character was so heightened and coloured by the peculiarity of his manner that the effect was complete. The hesitation in his speech, which in another would have been an abominable stutter, gave a force and an epigrammatic point to his utterance which often rendered his retorts *almost* electrical. It seemed as though he paused like a finished actor at the emphatic point, and having gained perfect attention, sent home true to the very centre his bullet-like word. With this prelude we at once introduce him to our readers:

I.

W(H)INE AND WATER.

One very rainy evening when Lamb and a friend of his were enjoying their "potation of spirit and water" over a Beaumont and Fletcher in folio—his sister begged Lamb to go and quiet their dog which in his kennel at the back door was making a dreadful howling. The old wit turned round to her and said, "Pray my dear Mary, do let the poor beast outside do as we are doing inside, enjoy his '*Whine and Water.*'"

II.

"CHEESE."

A Cheesemonger, who, having realized a large fortune, retired with a genteel wife and still genteeler daughter to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" in a nobleman sort of way at Highgate, where he had a superb villa, was above all things most anxious to conceal from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—more especially in so low a calling as that of "Cheesemonger." It was the canker in his blooming rose of life, and any allusion, however accidental, was construed by him into a deadly and never to be forgiven insult.

In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb, and the quondam cheesemonger were present. In a discussion on the hard Poor Law, which was then agitating the political and social circles of London, the retired tradesman took high ground, and irritated the kind-hearted Elia by violent denunciations of the poor; turning round, and with great appearance of triumph over the silent wit, he said to the company *generally*, but more *particularly* to Lamb, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you Poets call the 'Milk of Human Kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily and gave in his acquiescence in these words—"Yes, sir, I am aware of it—you turned it all *into cheese* several years ago." The retired cheesemonger was inconsolable.

III.

PEACOCKS' FEATHERS.

Lamb was once invited by an old friend to meet an author who had just published a volume of poems; when he got there (being somewhat early) he was asked by his host to look over the volume of the expected visitor. A few minutes convinced Elia that it possessed very little merit, being a feeble echo of different authors. This opinion of the Poetaster was fully confirmed by the appearance of the gentleman himself, whose self-conceit and confidence in his own Book were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb that spirit of mischievous waggery so characteristic of the Humorist. Lamb's rapid and tenacious memory enabled him during the dinner to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume. These he gave with this introduction—"This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young"—he then, to the astonishment of the gentleman in question, quoted something from the volume. Lamb tried this a second time: the gentleman looked still more surprised, and seemed evidently bursting with suppressed indignation. At last as a climax to the fun Lamb coolly quoted the well-known opening lines of Paradise Lost, as written by himself. This was *too* much for the versemonger—he immediately rose to his legs, and with an impressive solemnity of manner thus addressed the claimant to so many poetical honours—"Sir, I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own; this I have borne in silence, but, Sir, I never will sit quietly by and see the Immortal Milton robbed of 'Paradise Lost.'"

IV

LAMB HISSING HIS OWN FARCE.

When Lamb's farce of Mr. H. was acted, he gave a curious instance of one of his singular traits. It must be at once conceded that there were small evidences of humour in it, and the construction was undramatic; still there was much to show it was written by a man infinitely superior to all the farce writers in the kingdom. Towards the end of the performance, when it was evident to all that the piece was unmistakably damned, the attention of some of Lamb's friends was drawn to a very loud and violent hissing, which like a stormy petrel, seemed to ride on the whirlwind, and to direct the storm, or as Talfourd said, it was the most prominent fact of the evening, "*by merit raised to that eminence.*" What was their astonishment to find that this vigorous expression of dissent came from Lamb himself, who, when questioned as to his motive after the fall of the curtain, stammered out in his peculiar pop-gun manner, "I was so damnably afraid they would take me to be the *Author!*"

THE BIBLE.

"Once the Greek Mythology was believed, so was the Roman, so was the Scandinavian, so were the—to us so ridiculous—contents of the Acta Sanctorum, so two centuries ago were the tales of Witchcraft. Times are changed. This age is an age of fact—it believes only in experience—it is jealous and inquiring. It has rejected all these preternatural stories, and now clings only to the Bible. It halts here, for it is afraid of its conclusions. But critics show that the Bible, as the collective Hebrew literature, beautiful and magnificent as it is, shows no generic difference from other literature; in form and substance, in strength and weakness, it is alike human, and has followed in its growth the common laws of human development; narrow views of Providence, short-sighted exclusiveness, belief in supernatural interferances, characterise every people in their infancy, as they do every child and every ill-educated man, and these are as evident in the Bible history of the Hebrews, externally and internally, as in every other history of men or nations; it has grown, and it has suffered, and it must be judged exactly as all other books. And men feel this, and yet they dare not act upon it. They cling to the old form, although God has abolished that form by withdrawing from their minds the power of profiting by it. He has given them a new covenant into which they will not enter, and therefore religion is dead. There is life in the Parish school; the child's nature is the same as that which gave the old stories birth; but cross from the Parish School to the Parish Church, and we cross from life to death. Wonder Tales may live in the child; they die in the man, because his temper is changed—he has outgrown them. His mind is not tuned to the supernatural—he cannot believe it..

"And the result is that utter divorce between practice and profession which has made the entire life of modern England a frightful lie. The principles which are taught us in our churches may not approach us in our actions, and so we make a compromise, and are content to go on saying one thing and doing another. We shut out the Bible from our Legislature, from our workshops, and our warehouses; but we pay it lip service, and give it one day in the week to itself. Our duty to God is not now to fear Him, and to love Him, and to walk in His ways, but to hold certain opinions about Him, to maintain the truth of certain old histories about Him. We submit to be sermonized on Sundays, provided our sermons will not interfere with enlightened prudence and political economy on week days. Nay, week after week, we can see the 'Cures of Human Souls' advertised for sale in the columns of our religious newspapers, and no shame burns into our cheeks. Surely, surely, if there be any impersonate Spirit of Evil, he may sit by with folded hands, contented to spare interference in a state of things which no help of his can improve.

"The one great Bible which cannot lie is the history of the human race, and that tells us that, when in any nation religion is left corrupting in the form in which it is now with ourselves, that nation is near its end. The very same symptoms meet us steadily in the decline of every great people—an old faith, withered in its shell, yet which is preserved in false show of reverence, either from cowardice, or indolence, or miserable social convenience. So Rome fell, so Greece, so Spain, so the greatness of modern Italy. Is this all which we are to expect for the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell? * * *

"I do not dishonour the Bible. I honour it above all books. The New Testament alone, since I have been able to read it *humanly*, has to me outweighed all the literature of the world. It is because we dishonour it by making it an idol, and destroy its power by the foolish means with which we think to enhance it, that I have said what I have felt it my duty to say."—*Froude's 'Nemesis' of Faith.*"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A preacher, who advised a drowsy hearer to take a pinch of snuff occasionally at service, to keep him awake, was advised in return to put the snuff in his sermon.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.—ORDER FOR ITS REMOVAL.—A Dean of Guild Court, Edinburgh, has ordered to be taken down all those parts of John Knox's House complained of, "specified in the report of the 31st May last, as being insecure, ruinous, and dangerous to the inhabitants and other persons therein."

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:—
God did at first make man upright; but he—"
to which a gentleman added,
"*Most surely had continued so; but she—*"

PRODUCER AND CONSUMER.—At the Agricultural Society's Meeting at Norwich, a prize was offered for the "best Cultivator or Grubber." Now the best cultivator that can be, is the British Labourer,